

JULY, 1979

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Gent

Home of the D-cups

**SPECIAL BIKINI PICTORIAL,
P. 64**

- **THE NEW "JUGSTRAPS"**
- **ARE HAIRY MEN MORE VIRILE?**
- **HOW TO COPE WITH "THAT" TIME**
- **50 PAGES OF STACKED GALS YOU CAN SINK YOUR TEETH INTO!**



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New Book Reveals Great New Way To Make Money! Yours Absolutely Free To Prove It . . .

My name is Alan Shawn Feinstein. I write a syndicated financial column for newspapers around the world. Examining all kinds of money-making opportunities. So few ever prove worthwhile.

But good or bad, never have I seen one that didn't need lots of work or luck to make money.

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I've put the whole story into a concise book—"How to Secure your Financial Future." You can read it through in less than a half hour and put it right to work for you. Making money faster and easier than any other way I ever found . . .

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Some day, when someone asks you how you first heard about this book, I want you to be able to say: "I got it from Alan Shawn Feinstein." And smile . . .

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Why would I do this? Why would I give away something so valuable for free? . . .

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But act now. The ones who'll profit from this *the most are the ones in on it now!*

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Alan Shawn Feinstein, 41 Alhambra Circle, Cranston, R.I. 02905, Dept. G7

Yes, Alan, please send me absolutely free—your new book "How to Secure your Financial Future!" I understand it is mine to keep, no cost or obligation whatsoever.

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Alan Shawn Feinstein's last financial book, "How to Make Money," is a best seller and still going strong. His financial column, "The Treasure Chest," is syndicated in newspapers throughout the U.S. and in Europe, Asia and Africa. It is the most widely read column of its kind throughout the world. Mr. Feinstein also writes another newspaper feature, "My America" and is listed in "Who's Who in the East." He is a member of the Better Business Bureau and the Chamber of Commerce.

Gent

VOLUME 20

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NUMBER 6



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VERONICA 48-25-36



MARGRET 42-28-39



DORIS 40-28-38

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Nobody's perfect, but Veronica's about as close as you can get... **p. 15**

Big and strong and the sweetest lady you'll probably ever meet... **p. 30**

Half black and half Irish, Doris is a potent D-cupped combination... **p. 45**

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**We're
Busting
With
Good News!**

This past year was a good one for GENT and we're responding by going monthly with more color pages. In some parts of the country things have been going almost too well as we have been selling out at many newsstands in the U.S. and Canada. To guarantee not missing any of the good news and to avoid the newsstand scene, allow us to recommend a subscription. Our rates for 12 issues are \$24.00 in the U.S.; \$27.00 in Canada; \$30.00 elsewhere. Send your check or money order and all correspondence to: GENT Subscription Dept., Box 31, Mt. Morris, IL 61054.

The Mail Slot

Let's talk tits...

USHI DIGART'S SMILE

DEAR GENT:

I just read your April '79 issue featuring Ushi Digart, and loved it. I have seen and admired her in several magazines, but never became a real fan of hers until I saw her in the movie, "The Black Gestapo," a few years ago. Ushi had a non-speaking role as the white girlfriend of the Black Gestapo leader, General Kojah. Her main function was to strut around naked or in a bikini, and I found it a real turn-on to see her and her man together. But what really did it for me was Ushi's sunburst smile, which she uses frequently both on and off the screen. She really put "zing" into what would have otherwise been a fairly commonplace movie. Feature her again, will you? (Maybe even with pics from the movie.) Right on, Ushi!

Also: I realize GENT is a magazine for big-tit fans, but one thing I'd love to

USHI: a big, deep, inny!



see you do is a feature on navels. Seriously. I like navels as well as breasts — my favorite kind is a big, deep "inny." (Ushi Digart's is like that.) Belly-buttons, I feel, are what make bikinis, hip-huggers, anything to do with a bare tummy, sexy. They are also a "hot-spot" in some women. Yet the navel has by and large been neglected or else treated as a matter for humor. If you cannot do a feature on navels alone, why not use them as a supplement to a big pair of jugs — have the girl or a guy play with her navel, for example? Whatever you decide to do, keep up the good work. — D.W.O.; Virginia.

WHAT WOMANHOOD'S ALL ABOUT

DEAR GENT:

I am writing regarding your February issue and the letter from A., New York.

That lady, and I use the term loosely, is what I call a mentally ill person. She has no right to condemn anyone for posing in your magazine. All she did was show how stupid and immature she is. She said she was young, about twelve maybe? She talked about respect, well, she didn't show any. I don't think she knows what respect is!

The remarks she made about those four women were totally uncalled for, and slander at its highest peak.

My husband and I enjoy your magazine (he's a tit man) and find the women, the articles and stories and cartoons to be entertaining and in good taste. As a woman, I don't find GENT degrading or tasteless.

I was extremely pleased to see the pictorial *Something in the Oven*. I think pregnant women are beautiful and showing what womanhood is all about could never be anything less than a beautiful gesture. — R.A., California.

WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT? Send your letters to Gent Letters, Dugent Publishing Corp., 316 Aragon Ave., Coral Gables FL 33134.



ANNALOU: In skinnier days

CRAZY FOR KNOCKERS

DEAR GENT:

I look forward to getting a copy of your magazine every time it comes out (obviously I love big tits).

However, in the March issue you featured a beautiful chick called June Williams. Although she has average big tits, she was a complete turn-off! She was *boring* as hell. She reminded me of one of those model types that you describe in the same issue. She looked like she thought she was a hot piece of meat. Fuck the "nice" pictures. Leave them for *Playboy* (which I never buy). I would rather see an ugly, slutty-looking chick with great big knockers than a beautiful chick intent on looking "pretty" any day! Thank god you didn't use a soft lens to give her that "misty" look. 'Cause if you start getting into camera tricks I'll stop buying your magazine before you can say fuck! Leave those beautiful model types to

Playboy. We want raunchy chicks with great, huge, fucking knockers that look like they want to fuck you with their tits. A perfect example of the chicks I want are ones like Rita in the same issue. She knows how to use her great big jugs. She ain't great looking, but who cares? Most guys wouldn't make it with great-looking chicks anyway, so don't start using "camera magic" to spice up your magazine. The subject is great big tits on raunchy chicks. Keep it that way. There are enough magazines out already that pretty up pictures so much with soft lenses and arty poses that we don't need another one. Those magazines are BORING! Chicks like Rita put the focus on their tits. Them other beautiful bitches put the focus on their faces. Fuck them. I'd rather see a chick

with a few zits on her ass with gigantic tits and who is in unusual positions rather than perfect chicks trying to look pretty. I love seeing chicks like Rita squashing their own tits so they stick out further, tits hanging over bras, chicks kneeling on all fours with tits down, wet cunts spread wide open and most of all slutty-looking bitches with looks on their faces that say, "Come on and fuck my tits, blow it in my mouth, suck my cunt all day long." That makes it! Sometimes your magazine really does it great. Also chicks with wet T-shirts are just great. Great big asses are great too, especially with a camera shot from behind when the chick squats down showing how really big her ass can look (like on page 2 of the March issue, except she should squat down).

RITA: slutty-looking?



I'm a good-looking guy, twenty-four years old with a good body and I sing in a rock band. I always go after ugly chicks with big fucking tits. Beautiful chicks are usually boring. They try to act like ladies in bed. Fuck that! A whore with a fat ass and gigantic tits is best! For the most part your magazine is good — only let's see some new faces! Ushi Digart has been around so long that she is boring, and so is Candy Samples. Keep unveiling *new chicks!*

A great turn-on would be to see either Chesty Morgan or a chick with tits near her size skipping rope, making her knockers bounce all over and it also would catch some unusual breast shapes. How about it? Or Chesty Morgan in a push up bra. What would be a better turn-on than to see a fucking

"I would rather see an ugly, slutty-looking chick with great big knockers than a beautiful chick intent on looking 'pretty' any day!"

crummy slut with her tits standing straight out two feet in front of her? Please you guys, let's see it. Loose T-shirts with bouncy tits under them with the next shot revealing the tits fucking great. Yeah, I'm fucking crazy about big fucking knockers. — T.M., Canada.

FAT'S WHERE IT'S AT, ETC.

DEAR GENT:

The March issue of GENT was most enjoyable. Model June Williams was quite a find. She's an exceptional beauty who has that rare talent of camera presence. All too many models look stiff and mannequin-like.

I also found the Nebraska farm girl (Lori) delightful. They both have that innocent girl-next-door look which I find pleasing.

In your Mail Slot department, a Massachusetts man wrote that he would like to see more shots of girls in their brasieres. I couldn't agree with him *more*. He also went on to request more pregnant models. Again I applaud his request. There is something extremely erotic about a *very* pregnant woman. Last summer I experienced one of the

most incredible turn-ons ever. I was at the beach with my girlfriend. Strolling slowly down the beach was an expectant woman with long blonde hair. Her arms and legs were long and slender and contrasted noticeably with her rotund body. She must have been carrying twins or maybe even triplets, because her belly was enormous. The light sleeveless maternity blouse she was wearing must have been from a previous pregnancy, or bought early during her pregnancy, because it was stretched snugly over her stomach but leaving about five or six inches of her abdomen showing. The blouse had a slightly low neckline, and her huge, heavy breasts were squeezed into it with the excess spilling out of the top. She was wearing a pair of shorts that were straining to contain her ballooning buttocks.

Upon seeing her delicately make her way down the beach, I got an immediate erection. I couldn't help but stare as she and her daughter walked past us. Not far away was a refreshment stand where she bought ice cream cones. She gin-



MARYLOU: Nebraska farm girl

JUNE WILLIAMS: camera presence



gerly sat down on the bench next to the stand. The little girl was doing a poor job on the ice cream cone and it was dripping all over her. In order to wipe the little girl's face and hands, the woman had to lean way forward, spreading her legs wide to allow her belly to fall between her knees. In doing so her breasts also fell forward and nearly spilled out of her blouse and bra. I almost came watching her. Needless to say, my girlfriend noticed my interest and was rather surprised that I would find a pregnant woman arousing since, she said, most women dislike their bodies during pregnancy. I told her that many men find pregnant women erotic.

There are also some fat women that turn me on. I had a girlfriend in college who was very fat and had a pretty face. She had large fleshy breasts and a big round ass. But what made her a pleasure to screw was her protruding belly. It was warm, soft and fleshy and it would bounce and shake. The harder I would pump, the more it would slap against my stomach.

Anyway, if you happen to come across any pleasingly plump models, some of us may like to see them. But I am a *big boob fan* first and foremost. — A San Jose breast man, California.

LORI: the girl-next-door look





BARBIE: displaying the merchandise

the right models come along and if the censors lighten up, we'll give you a lesbian layout.

FULLER FIGURES

DEAR GENT:

I have just read your March issue, and as usual I was very pleased with your art work and greatly impressed by your articles. I was very pleased to see that GENT will be coming to me every month. I don't know how much of my old subscription is left, so I am sending another year's subscription fee.

I feel that GENT's girls are very beautiful, as are all women. The girls in your photographs seem to be happy and enjoying the work they do. I have been buying men's magazines for over fifteen years and I have seen the girls get skinnier and flatter. I am getting very turned-off by all the skinny aloof girls in other magazines. Most of the top sellers have gone to the dark and Vaseline-tinted pictures, and I don't know of any women like this in real life.

Gent girls have larger breasts and fuller figures. I wish you all the best and I hope to see Dolly Parton as a centerfold someday soon. I am looking forward to more of your trips down Mammary Lane. — W.D., California.

NO BRAS OR PANTIES PLEASE LESBIAN LAYOUTS

DEAR GENT:

I'd like to make some comments. One of the most beautiful women I've ever seen is your photo story of Bright Eyes in the March issue. She is very beautiful in every way.

In reading your letter section, *The Mail Slot*, a writer wants your models to wear bras and panties, but mostly bras. Please don't do that at all. Bright Eyes has on a tiny bikini, I hope the next time you show her she's nude.

In your December '78 issue you have another beautiful woman like Bright Eyes. She's on several pages including the centerfold. You certainly gave her a lot of spread, BUT she's in clothes on every page. There's not one good view of her bosom and a piss poor shot of her ass. I'd really love to see her again sucking her own breasts and holding them, etc. You do have several views of her cunt, ass, etc.

Let's have more of June Williams. Also let's have more of the woman on page 80 in the March issue.

Please, no bras, panties, etc. — D.D., New York.

DEAR GENT:

I enjoyed your April 79 issue very much; the girls are fantastically big breasted. I also like the idea of more color pages. There are two girls I'd like to see more of in future issues.

Why hasn't 1974's Shelley Pierce (poet's prize) been included in recent issues? She's quite a beauty.

How about this photo layout for a coming issue — October 78's big and bouncy Jane and Yum Yum Yankowitz appearing together as lesbian lovers? — E.O.; New York.

Dear E.O.: We get a lot of letters requesting lesbian layouts, but we haven't been publishing any because many of the countries where we sell GENT classify such stuff as pornography (unnatural acts, ya know?) and won't permit us to run such stuff. And, although it irks us to have to edit the magazine with censors in mind, the fact is that we can't afford to kiss forty percent of our sales goodbye. And another thing to consider is that not all gals (cheesecake models included) like to eat pussy. But we guarantee you that when

MORE SAMPLES

DEAR GENT:

I just finished reading your April issue. Candy Samples is the best of everything! I've been crazy about her for four years now and have wanted to contact her. Now you have come to my rescue, and the rescue of many more readers such as myself who believe Candy to be a woman capable of melting statues.

Please keep those beautiful women coming and I'm always ready to see more of Candy. — R.A.; Florida.

WRESTLING IN GARTERBELTS

DEAR GENT:

Why don't you do a feature layout of garterbelt and hose cuties in an apartment wrestling match? An encounter between Vicki and Jenny from your April issue would be positively horny!

By the way, GENT has to be the most greatly improved adult magazine on the stands today. Your luxurious models seldom fail to grip my imagination! — B.S.; Ohio.

Good Sport





Lynn is a real outdoor girl who loves to play games. She is as athletic as can be and says that's why her body stays in such good shape. "I may not be the best at what I do, but I play a mean game of croquet, baseball, touch football and leg wrestling," she says. Lynn swears that good diet and a lot of physical activity are what keep her in such great shape — and her shape, incidentally, is a stunning 46-30-39. Lynn is a big girl, but if you think she's too big for the kind of activities she engages in you ought to see her out there swinging a bat or a mallet. It's a wonderful sight to behold because she puts everything into it she can and everything moves. She says the only activity she doesn't care for too much is golf. "It's hard to swing a club when you're as big busted as I am and besides, it's a silly game. You hit the ball and then walk forever and hit it again. Golf just isn't active enough for me." Lynn was born in Virginia and her father raised thoroughbred horses so in addition to everything else, she's an accomplished equestrienne. She says she loves to ride bareback at night, which in Lynn's case means really bare, not just without a saddle. "The feel of a horse beneath me when I am nude really turns me on," she says. And we'll bet the sight of Lynn bareback turns everyone on.







I.

Train Ride

Dear Gent:

I am what most men refer to as a "chesty broad." But it doesn't offend me. I get a kick out of it. I even got a kick out of your ad for big-tit fantasies, because I have lots of them. If you think men corner the market on fantasies about big tits, don't kid yourself. Big-titted women have them too! Perhaps because it's so damn hard to find a man who knows how to treat a big breasted woman the way she likes and she gets frustrated. I know that I haven't found very many and it leaves me frustrated. So what else do I have but . . . fantasies? And do I have fantasies!

If your readers ever wonder what women like your models fantasize about, maybe I can give them an idea. I may not be a model, but I look like some of your models.

One fantasy which I like the best takes place on a subway. I'm sitting in the car by myself. All I have on is a halter top which ties in front, a short skirt, and crotchless panties. On my feet I wear a pair of sandals which lace up the leg and look sexy.

As the subway car rattles along the tracks, my breasts sway with the movement. I can feel them knocking against each other.

The train stops and a few people walk on. I notice two handsome young men. One sits on my right and the other sits on my left. The train starts again.

When it rounds a corner, the train rocks forward and I can see the men staring at my breasts. They can't take their eyes off my halter top and all that flesh jiggling near the tie in front. Then the train stops and lets on another passenger, an older man. He sits on the other side of the car facing me. The train starts up again and ricochets and wobbles. I cross my legs and wiggle my toes, getting the older guys attention to my legs. Then I uncross my legs and spread my thighs apart.

All three men are looking at me now. The men at my side move closer to me, pinning me in. Each time the train sways, they use it as an excuse to move even closer.

I figure I might as well give them a good show and sit up straight so my tits heave forward. Their reaction to it turns me on. The sudden stares. The perspiration on their upper lips, etc.

The guy on my left rests his arm against the back of the subway bench. His hand touches my shoulder. I look at him and smile, letting my tongue slip between my lips just a bit. I can hear him breathing harder as he brings his hand down and rubs his fingers along my back. When the guy on my right sees this, he rests his hand on the seat near my legs.

I sit there, teasing them, swaying my shoulders. Pretty soon, none of us is very inhibited. The man on my left puts his hand directly on my shoulder and slides it down my chest. He grins at me. The man on my right rubs my leg. He also grins at me.

The train comes to a quick halt and everyone is pitched forward. When we sit back on the bench, the man on my left has his hand directly on my breast and he waits for my reaction. I wink at him.

The man on my right sees this and he rubs my breast too. Suddenly both men are squeezing my tits and I'm sitting there feeling these gushy sensations rush through me. I spread my legs farther apart for the benefit of the man across the aisle. Oh . . . now it gets really naughty.

The guy on my left looks at me and kisses me. While he is kissing me, he unties my halter top and when we come out of our embrace, my tits fall out. And there are my nipples, exposed for all the people to see. All that flesh of mine juggling like Jell-O. I love it.

He leans over and puts one of my nipples in his mouth. His tongue lightly flicks over the tip then he sucks on it. Oh . . . the way he sucks on it. So very gentle. And his tongue is soft and slippery.

Well, the guy on my right can't stand this and he does the same. The three of us are sitting there oblivious to everyone else in the subway car. While the two guys are sucking on my nipples and rubbing my breasts, they also spread my legs farther apart. The guy on my left pulls my leg up onto his lap. Now I'm totally exposed. (Remember, I'm wearing crotchless panties).

The older guy from across the aisle gets up from his seat and walks toward us. He kneels in front of me and kisses me between my legs. I can hardly believe the feelings I get from this triangle of tongues and hands.

I start to climb, fast and steady, until I feel like a flower opening all my petals. Then I come.

It's great how my fantasy makes me feel!

I am curious to know if other big-titted women have fantasies like I do. If so, they probably read your magazine too. It's a great magazine for a free-spirited woman like myself. In fact, your magazine helps me devise new fantasies all the time. By reading the stories and the articles and by looking at what the models wear and what they are doing in the pictures, I concoct a new fantasy with each issue.

Maybe next time I'll tell you another one. Maybe.

D. "Chesty" K.—New Jersey.

II. Older Woman



Posed by professional model.

Dear Gent:

I've had the same fantasy all my adult life. Regardless of the new approaches I may think of or the new women I may see at work or at restaurants, I still revert back to the same fantasy with the same woman. And I thought, since it's about a woman with very large breasts, your readers would like to hear about it.

My fantasy is always about an older woman. She comes to my apartment for some reason. Most of the time, she is a friend of my wife and she's waiting for my wife to come home from night school. My wife has left me instructions to entertain her friend until she returns.

This woman never has a name. She dresses in a sleek black dress that buttons down the front. Her hair is fluffy and dark brown. It's the kind of hair that looks great when it's mussed. She's very attractive and has meat on her body. But she's not fat! Just that over-forty kind of flesh.

She sits on one end of the sofa and I sit on the other end. It's awkward at first. I ask her, "Would you like a drink?" And, of course, she accepts. I mix her a bone dry martini up and notice her looking at me while I make it. Then I mix myself a vodka martini on the rocks.

We sit on the sofa talking about trivial things and I keep look at her legs and her large breasts while we talk. I imagine what she looks like with no clothes on.

Then she gives me a look that makes me burn inside. That feeling you get when you look at a woman and you *know* she's thinking the same things you are but she doesn't dare admit it ... yet.

As we talk, I move closer to her, just a little at a time. Her face gets flush which really makes her look sexy. While she talks, she moves her head and her hair gets a little more

mussed, like she just had a roll in the hay. I move closer. She tells me the drink is wonderful. We clink glasses and laugh. As we do so, I move closer yet.

Perspiration is forming on her face. I can tell she's as bothered as I am. She's breathing deeper and her large breasts seem to swell underneath her black dress.

She tries to make small talk, but I can see she wants to get laid.

"Millie tells me you exercise a great deal," she says, then her glance goes down to my crotch. "You look in good shape."

Her face gets red and we laugh. We both know she's avoiding the inevitable. I move closer to her.

Before I know it, I'm sitting right next to her and we're looking into each other's eyes. We sit frozen for a minute and I can almost feel her heart beating. But my heart is beating too. Then I lean forward and kiss her. She's so soft and warm and her breasts are pressed up against my chest. I gently put my hand on her leg. I'm so excited by that time, I can hardly stand it.

When we move apart from our kiss, she laughs a knowing, blushing kind of laugh and she takes a sip of her martini. I drink mine too and let my hand slide up underneath her dress. Then I move it up until I touch the top of her nylons.

With my other hand, I unfasten one button of her dress, then another. We kiss, a passionate embracing kiss, and I rub her between her legs. I discover she has no panties on and my groin reacts to it.

See sees my erection growing underneath my pants and she touches me like no *young* woman could touch me. I continue unbuttoning her dress until some cleavage is showing. What a sight!

She's wearing a skimpy black lace bra and her breasts are bulging from it. I kiss them. She rubs me again and squeezes my erection. Then I can't stand it.

I slip her dress off her shoulders and look at her beautiful flesh puffing out all around her bra. I throw one bra strap over her shoulder, then the other, and I unclip her bra in front. Her huge breasts come tumbling out. They're gorgeous. The nipples are big and hard and the aureoles are large and brown, like a woman's not a girl's.

I can't resist and I put one of her breasts in my mouth. That close up, all I see is breast. Lots and lots of breast.

While I suck on one of her nipples, I play with her fluffy hair and she gets excited. The more excited she gets, the more her breasts swell.

I squeeze her breasts, and her stomach and waist. Everything on her feels so good. She asks me to take off my clothes and says, "I'm going to take care of you."

That always does it. I undress and lay her down. She's wet and open and begging me to fuck her. She grabs onto my hard cock and guides it inside of her.

I ease her down to the edge of the sofa until I'm kneeling on

the floor and fucking her while she half sits on the edge of the sofa. It's great when she's sitting up so I can see her fleshy breasts move each time I plunge into her.

And the funny thing is, the more I fuck her, the bigger her breasts seem to get. By this time, they are massive.

I lean down and suck on one of her nipples and she begs me to fuck her harder and harder. Her breasts keep getting bigger. Then she tells me that no one ever made her feel like I'm making her feel.

When she comes, and I'm still sucking on her nipple, all there is around me is breast. I get so excited by then that I come. A long, oozing come. Then the fantasy dissolves.

Once it dissolves, I don't have to deal with the fact that she's my wife's friend, nor do I have to know what to say to her when it's all over. She just disappears. All I'm left with is a cock that feels good.

I have often wondered if any of your readers have fantasies about older women. Since I saw Candy Samples in one of your issues, I figured *you* must think some guys have my kind of fantasy. If they do, I sure would like to hear some of theirs.—*Name Withheld.* **G**

JUGSTRAPS

Bra manufacturer's rush to capitalize on jogger's jiggle.

If you're as enthusiastic about watching a girl's titties jiggle as she jogs down the street as we are, it may come as a surprise that unfettered mammaries for female joggers are becoming a greater and greater concern to bra manufacturers.

According to many doctors, running braless, or with inadequate protection, can be dangerous for a girl. When a girl is running and her titties are shaking up and down and to and fro, there is a "breakdown of collagen" which is apt to cause sagging breasts and sometimes bleeding nipples. Some doctors disagree with this, saying that there is no danger at all for a girl to have free floating jugs when jogging.

But among the bra manufacturers, the competition to come up with an efficient, healthy, comfortable and aesthetically appealing bra, is reaching major proportions.

There's a lot of money to be made in jogging bras — last year, according to the Women's Sports Foundation, over 36,000,000 women either jogged or exercised at least twice a week. Over 25% of the runners in the United States are women, and that's a lot of jiggle!

The major bra manufacturers, all trying to come up with the best jogging bra are, Lily of France, Playtex, Warner's, Maidenform and Bali. According to Mr. Jack Cassidy, president of marketing for Lily of France, they are introducing a support bra that will carry the theme, "The first athletic supporter for women." That's what a jogging bra really is,

the latter-day version of a man's jockstrap, jocularly dubbed by some as a "jugstrap."

According to a Dr. Haycock, a sport bra must provide good upward support; limit motion of the breast; be made of material that is absorptive, non-allergenic, non-abrasive, non-elastic; all fasteners should be well covered to prevent abrasion of the skin; the straps should be wide, non-elastic and designed so that they do not slip off the shoulders. Some provision should be made at the base of the bra to prevent it from "riding up" over the breasts. A pocket should be provided inside the bra for the placement of protective padding when the wearer engages in contact sports. Almost none of the bras manufactured conform to all of these specifications.

One woman, who couldn't find a correct bra made her own by buying two jockstraps, cutting them apart and sewing them together. This is called the "Jogbra."

Women who have a smaller than A-cup size do not need a running bra, just two Band-Aids over the nipples to prevent chafing while they are running.

According to Jack Cassidy, one of the major problems which cannot be entirely eliminated is "bounce." But it can be contained and kept in concert with the rest of the body.

Warner's has plans to introduce a second type of sportswoman's bra. Their present one, "Get Moving" is good for the weekend athlete but not for the serious or marathon

RUN WITH THE RUNNING BRA

The Running Bra for active women is designed specifically to minimize bounce, skin irritation, and collagen tissue breakdown which results in sagging. Built-up plush lined straps. Stay-put leotard back. Crepeset® cups lined with absorbent cotton. Perfect comfort with recommended firm support for all sports. In sizes 34-38A, 32-40B, C, \$10. 32-40D, \$10.50. White and Champagne. At your favorite store or write Formfit Rogers, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

FORMFIT ROGERS
We support running

We recommend Woolite cold water wash

Ads for the new "sports bras," such as this one for Formfit Rogers which appeared in *Glamour* Magazine, are aimed at the growing number of female joggers.

runner.

And if you don't think bras are big business, take a look at these figures: At Formfit Rogers they spent \$20,000 in 1977 to advertise their running bra. At the Olga Company, they plan to spend about \$1,000,000 in 1979. Maidenform now spends an estimated \$1,500,000 on advertising its bras and Warners spent over \$307,000 on bra advertising in 1977. That's a lot of money for tit-control, but the business of athletic bras is growing as fast as women enter the field of jogging and other athletics.

What is the big difference between an ordinary bra and a running bra? Although some doctors say there is no difference really, bra manufacturers say there is a very noticeable difference. An ordinary bra is designed to make the breasts look as unfettered as possible while providing uplift for sagging breasts. They are designed to move naturally with the body in order to provide maximum comfort. But as for running bras, they are supposed to cushion the breast and hold them more or less stationary while the rest of the body is moving — thus preventing the breaking down of that all-important tissue and the resulting 'sagging' breast syndrome.

A doctor, Joan Ulyot, disagrees with the "breakdown in collagen" theory, saying that there is no breakdown at all as a result of running with unsupported breasts. According to Dr. Ulyot, "most of the big-name women's bra companies have no idea what they are talking about. They're all interested in

the external looks of running bras when they should be concerned with the insides."

Dr. Ulyot says that women's breasts are composed of glandular tissue and body fat. She says that in a serious runner, the amount of body fat in the breast is no higher than 20 percent while in a beginning runner, it can be as high as 50 percent.

Going braless, she says, does not cause sag, but loss of fat or glandular tissue during running as well as severe dieting, pregnancy and old age cause the breasts to droop. And no bra can prevent any of this sagging from taking place.

Doctor Haycock, who gave the above stipulations for a sport bra, disagrees with Dr. Ulyot. She says simply that if a woman goes braless throughout her life, she is going to end up with breasts hanging down to her navel. The breast is supported by nothing but skin, she says, and any woman who has breasts of good size should always wear a bra and especially whenever she indulges in any sport.

And so on they go, pro and con regarding the necessity for a strong, stable bra to end jogger's jiggle while we men sit on the sidelines and hope that whatever the outcome, we'll still be able to watch the girls' breasts go jiggling as they jog by. **G**



This photograph is taken from our last "lesbian" layout which appeared in the U.S. edition of the February issue. It was an excellent layout featuring two big-busted gals. Because of censorship problems, we have temporarily discontinued girl-girl pictorials, but for those of you interested, we still have a limited number of the February issue for sale. The price is \$3.00 postpaid. Send your check or money order to Dugent Pub. Corp., 316 Aragon Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134. Request the U.S. edition.



Big V

Veronica's friends all call her "V" or "Big V" and it's easy to see why she's the most popular girl in the crowd. Although she is known all around Cleveland as the tops in the big tops, this is her first appearance in *Gent*. We certainly hope it won't be her last. Veronica says that she comes from a family of big-busted women. Believe it or not, Veronica, at 48-25-36 says that she's one of the smaller ones. "I've got a sister who has trouble standin' up," she says, "and our Mama says that when she was a girl, her daddy used to keep her inside the house all the time because he was afraid the field hands would riot if they saw her."





Veronica also says she tried a lot of different kinds of work before she finally settled for the job she now has, as a foreperson in an electronics company. "I worked as a waitress, but the place got so crowded with coffee-drinking, ogling men that they had to let me go. Then I got a job tending bar but I kept knocking the glasses off the tables and then I tried dancing, but when I would start whirling, it sometimes took two strong men just to get me stopped." Veronica likes working in industry where she says she's treated like a real person instead of just a pair of knockers. Of course, she doesn't knock her knockers because she says that she'd be a lot less popular without them. She has not married yet but thinks she can afford to be choosy. "I've got more guys running after me than bees in a clover patch," she says. And no wonder.







On The Rag

BY KAY MARIE PORTERFIELD

When a woman has her period in many primitive societies she becomes taboo, awesomely dangerous and a threat to the well-being of those who surround her. She cannot be seen in the presence of others. The dishes she uses during her time of monthly flow must be destroyed so that no one else will use them. She can't use the same paths as other people because if a man walks over a spot of her blood and then has intercourse with another woman, she will become barren. If a menstruating woman touches anything that belongs to a man she will often be put to death.

During her lifetime the average woman will be "on the rag" for about

five and a half years when you total it all up. The onset of menstruation has been decreasing steadily for years. At the turn of the century in this country girls began having their periods at about age fourteen or so. Now it isn't at all uncommon for a girl to start at twelve or even eleven. Right now, while you're reading this, a quarter of the women you know are bleeding. Thank goodness we're beyond primitive taboos! Or are we?

Seventeen years ago, almost to the day, I got what is referred to in my family as "the curse." Along with the curse and the free booklet from the sanitary napkin company (aren't you thrill-



**Some advice on how to
cope with her during
“that” time of the
month.**

led to be a woman) came all sorts of advice from female relatives and friends. My mother advised me not to take gym class that week; my grandmother told me to go to bed for a few days. My best friend told me to try to get out of going to school: "Boys will know! They just have this sense!"

If you bake a cake during your period it will fall. Don't wash your hair if you can help it. Personal cleanliness is a must, but if you take a bath or a shower you'll get sick. Try not to do much of anything the first day. When you're finished with a napkin get it out of the house as soon as possible. The advice seemed never ending.

At least I could console myself with the fact that I didn't live in my grandmother's day. She had to take a break from milking the cows every month out of fear the milk would sour and curdle from her touch. Even though I didn't believe that one, I did go forth with the knowledge that every month for the next thirty five years I'd be walking around beneath a black cloud. The curse was just that — a curse. Cakes would fall, dishes would break and worse than that, one week out of every month I'd have to abstain from sex.

In spite of all the scientific facts put forth in ninth grade family education and later in sex books, I was not alone in my belief. The average frequency of intercourse for women drops by half during menstruation.

Men also seem very reluctant to have intercourse with a menstruating woman. In a 1977 study conducted by Dr. Anthony Pietropinto and Jacqueline Simenauer, they found that only half of

the men they interviewed had sex with their partners during menstruation and only a third of them enjoyed it. The younger and more educated a man was, the more likely he was to engage in intercourse while his partner was bleeding and suffer no loss of enjoyment.

"Right now, while you're reading this, a quarter of the women you know are bleeding."

If all of the superstitions surrounding menstruation and the actual bleeding don't conspire to put a damper on a woman's sex life then, chances are, premenstrual tension will. After all, who wants to be around a person whose hormones turn her into a hysterical maniac every twenty eight days? And even more critical, who wants to *be* a person like that? If premenstrual tension weren't an ailment of crisis proportions, then why would all of those pharmaceutical companies push their "relief formulas" so hard?

The monthly flow of blood experienced by more than half the population of this world still remains shrouded in mystery. Even women, themselves, are often uninformed about it. And men? Well, unless your mother was a combination gynecologist/psychotherapist with no hang-ups about her body, the only thing you probably understand is

that if a woman *misses* her period you stand to be in some very deep trouble!

Menarche, the beginning of menstruation, comes for most women sometime between their eleventh and fourteenth birthdays and transforms pregnancy from a childish speculation to a distinct possibility. It separates the women from the girls. The average woman will from that day forward have her period three to five hundred times before menopause when she will no longer be fertile. Most women have twenty-eight to thirty day cycles during which they actually bleed three to five days, but there are nearly as many variations to this as there are women. Twenty-one day cycles aren't unusual nor are thirty-five day cycles. Some women bleed very little while others flow like Niagara Falls.

It all begins about fourteen days before ovulation when the pituitary gland signals the ovary to make the hormone estrogen which, in turn, causes the lining of the uterus, the endometrium, to form. It is this lining that nourishes the egg if it becomes fertilized. During this part of a woman's cycle the egg is ripening and the mucous surrounding her cervix becomes more alkaline and nourishing for sperm.

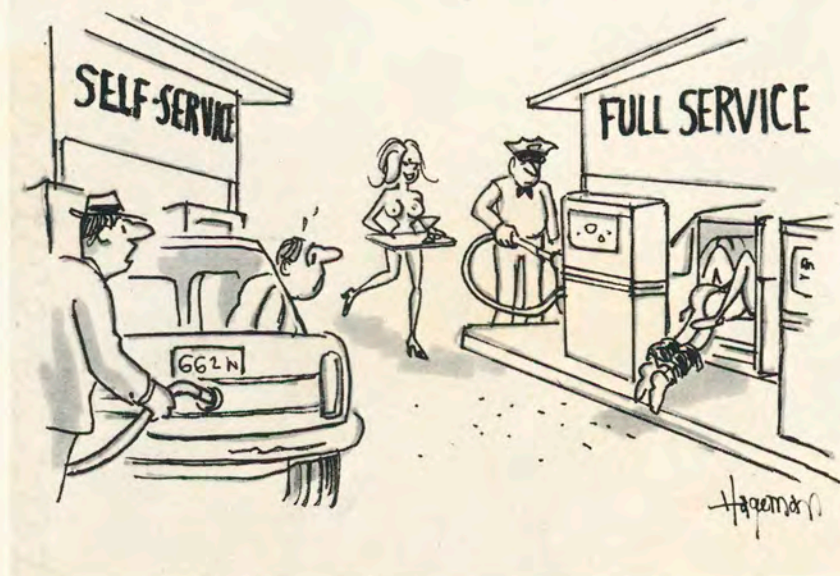
After the egg has been released — on about the eighteenth day — the pituitary again signals the ovaries to do their stuff, this time to produce progesterone and some estrogen. These hormones signal the glands in the endometrium to provide more nutrients for the egg. To this end the mucous membranes in the lining thicken and small pools of blood begin to form in the wall.

If the sperm misses its target and the egg remains unfertilized then there is no need for the endometrium, at least not this month. The pituitary shuts down and menstruation begins. The endometrium, past its shelf life, is discharged through the vagina.

Even though a woman may seem a prime candidate for anemia, most lose only two ounces of blood. Even on the heaviest day of flow the loss amounts only to about a tablespoon of blood. The rest of the discharge consists of other fluids, mucous, cells and pieces of the endometrium. The total discharge usually amounts only to about a cupful. And then the cycle begins again.

Although many women report experiencing premenstrual tension, side ef-

(Continued on page 64)



"Sometimes I think the few extra cents is worth it."



Motel Madness

Gent

Carlene Carillo owns a motel, and she says that it's a lot of hard work, but it's a lot of fun, too. "You should see some of the wild characters I get in here. Now, you know that motels have a reputation as places where people sneak off to play around, right?" Yes, we had

heard that that was the case. "Well, I run a nice clean motel and I don't allow any hanky panky if I can help it, but there's no way you can stop guys from coming in here with women who are not their wives. What am I gonna do? Ask 'em for their marriage license?"



Carlene says she had this one dude who came in six times to the motel with six different women in six days. "Well," she says, "I got a little suspicious and let him know that I was aware that he was usin' my place for a flop joint cathouse. Ya know what he tells me? He says that each one of the broads is his wife. That he divorces 'em right after he lays 'em." Anyway, Carlene is a smart business person and a beautiful gal to boot. She has a knockout pair of forty-four inch knockers and hair as black as coal. She'd be welcome in our motel any day. Carlene says she used to be in show business. "But I'm one of the smart ones," she said, "I worked hard, saved my money and got the hell out and bought this place. Of course, there are times when I wish I were back on the stage because of all the glitter and glamour instead of here makin' beds and unplugging toilets, but at least this way I don't have to worry about losing my looks." We don't think Carlene has to worry much about losing her beauty for quite some time. She looks good enough to eat and we'd sure like to spend a night in her motel if we just knew where it was. But Carlene ain't telling. "I run a nice clean place," she says "with no hassles."









We've all heard it said that a man with a thick mat of hair on his chest is likely to be a virile, sexually potent guy. Conversely, there's also a large group that believe a man who is bald has lost much of his sexual vigor (Yul Brynner and Telly Savalas notwithstanding). What are we to make of these attitudes and the many others that we hear? Can we separate fact from fancy regarding a possible link between hairiness and sexuality?

In an attempt to clear up some of the confusion, consider these *facts*. A man's beard has been found to actually grow faster during those times when he is sexually active as opposed to those times that he's in drydock. Second, there are very definite and very distinct differences in the patterns of male pubic hair as compared to the pubic hair of women. Yet another fact concerns the highly sensitive, sexually diagnostic properties of human hair. Consider that one of the most sophisticated methods scientists use to determine a person's sex, where it is not immediately evident (severe accidents, where chromosome abnormalities exist, etc.) is by analysis of the persons *hair follicles*.

Is there a link between the type of hair or the amount of it that a man or woman has and the degree of their sexuality? Let's look further.

Since time began, man has been very much aware of his hairiness and the unique quality it has for attracting members of the opposite sex. A hairy man has characteristically been viewed as a strong man. With this in mind, it was very common for warriors of ancient times to grow thick, bushy beards and prominently display them in battle, hoping to impress their enemies with their strength and their *virility*.

“... It was common for warriors of ancient times to grow thick, bushy beards and prominently display them in battle, hoping to impress their enemies with their strength and virility.”

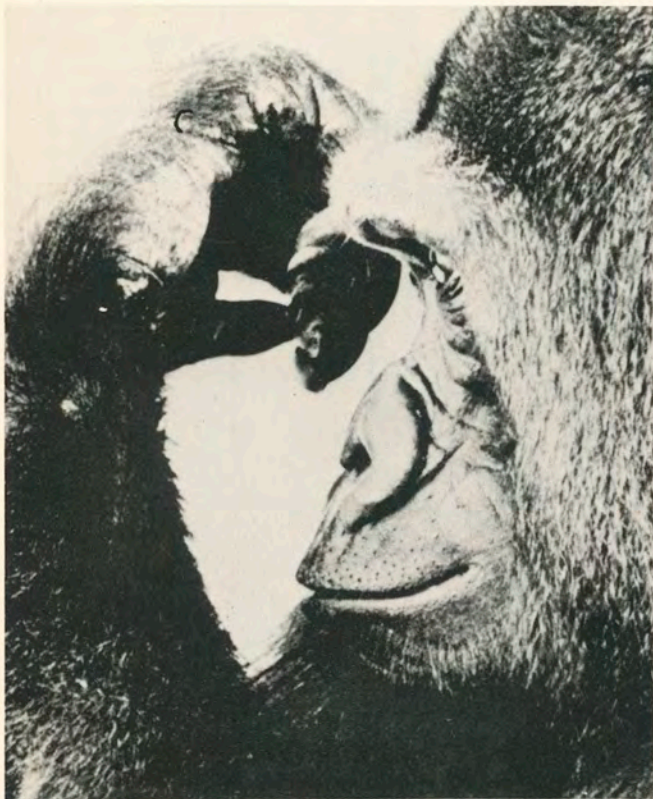
When a warrior was taken prisoner, he almost invariably was stripped of his beard and thereby rendered clean shaven and hairless, a symbolic castration of sorts. We also know that the legendary Samson, shorn of his hair by the conniving Delilah, was quite effectively deprived of his strength and thus his masculinity. At the very height of this “beard equals virility” period in history, Alexander the Great, recognizing all the while that his men equated their long luxurious beards with strength, did a very daring thing. He ordered his men to go into battle clean shaven. His reasoning was logical enough; since hand to hand combat was the common method of fighting, a long, bushy beard gave the enemy an additional place to grab and possibly throw them to the ground. In later times, less secure generals, perhaps fearing the wrath of their men, relaxed this rule, probably feeling that their soldier's

Are Hairy Men More Virile?

perceptions of themselves as strong and virile men outweighed whatever handicap their beards offered in battle.

So the belief that hairiness and virility went hand in hand traces its origins to centuries past. There's no question that it has spanned the many years since the time of Alexander and is alive and well even in today's times. But it has not been a belief that has gone untested. Two researchers, J. Verinis and S. Roll, perplexed by the references in psychology texts that adolescent boys, with more body hair, were likely to be considered more masculine and more mature than their peers, decided to check it out on their own. Accordingly, they asked a group of both male and female subjects to observe a hairy arm and a hairy chest as well as a relatively hair-free arm and a hair-free chest and then report on their perceptions. The hairy arm was consistently seen, by *both* sexes, as “more masculine, harder, larger, more virile and stronger.” The results for the hairy versus hairless chest were not as conclusive, but still pointed in the direction just mentioned. It would thus appear that not only women, but men as well, perpetuate the association of hair with virility and strength. Incidentally, the same researchers showed these subjects a large and a small penis and again asked for their reactions. The large penis was consistently described as “more active, larger, more virile and stronger,” by both the male as well as the female subjects.

There's an interesting follow up to the common belief that hairiness is equated with virility. As you probably already realize and as the just-cited study confirms, we adults also seem to subscribe to the notion that a large penis is just naturally more virile than a smaller one. Does it then follow that the man with large testicles is more potent than the man with smaller ones? The fact is that there's absolutely no



The tests aren't conclusive, but both men and women perceive a hairy man as sexier, more masculine and more virile.

medical evidence to suggest that penis size or testicle size has anything to do with virility, yet an anthropologist working with over 4000 French draftees found that the hairier the man, the greater his chest size and the greater the diameter of his testicles. Was this just a coincidence? We can't be sure, but if we are to seek the advisement of Dr. Havelock Ellis, a man who has certainly earned the title "sexologist," we learn that this eminent theorist definitely believes that hairiness in a man is a sure sign of sexual vigor.

"...An anthropologist working with over 4000 French draftees found that the hairier the man, the greater his chest size and the greater the diameter of his testicles."

Although facial hair has probably reached its zenith in popularity and may now even be in a slight decline, the fact remains that many men still sport beards. Curious as to the way that most people perceive a bearded man, Charles Kenny and Dixie Fletcher designed a study to answer this question. The results of their study indicate that the majority of their subjects (mainly college students) attributed many more favorable qualities to the men pictured *with* beards. For instance, the bearded man (as opposed to the non-bearded) was perceived as more "enthusiastic, sincere, generous, extroverted, masculine, inquisitive and stronger." Again we

note the association between hair and masculinity and strength. An interesting sidelight to this study was that the only real negative quality attributed to the bearded man was that he was seen as "dirtier."

Although facial hair, in the form of a mustache or beard, is man's most prominent hair site from the standpoint of sexual attraction, hair is present on other parts of his body. To be perfectly accurate, both the male and female body are virtually *covered* with hair. Naturally we find differences in thickness, coarseness, etc., but very few areas are truly hair free. Aside from the beard and mustache, a man's principle hair areas are his chest, back, abdomen, armpits, and of course, his pubic area. A man's pubic hair differs from a female's, in that the man's hair generally grows up over his stomach forming a triangle, with the apex extending upward to his navel. A woman's pubic hair generally ends in a fairly even straight line just above the *mons veneris*.

Continuing with the subject of pubic hair, two questions suggest themselves, "Do men vary in the amount of pubic hair they have, and are men with more pubic hair more virile?" We needn't rely on mere speculation to answer these questions because there's actually been several studies addressing themselves to just these points. The three experiments of Dr. Laurel Setty, staff physician at Howard University School of Medicine, are worth mentioning. His subjects were 320 white and 320 black patients at a Washington, D.C. hospital. Dr. Setty set out to describe and chart penile hair patterns (one study), scrotal hair patterns (second study) and beard patterns (third study), of white males as contrasted to black males. When you realize that this task involved a careful inspection of 640 penises and 1280 testicles, not to

(Continued on page 58)



In The Red

Her name is Margret and she last appeared in Gent/April. But Margret is back by popular demand. It seems that red hair and freckles (not to mention 42-inch D-cups) are very popular with the Gent Set. As one of our readers commented, "Gee, ya just don't see many natural, purty redheads around any more. Most of the girls cover all of their charming freckles with makeup and dye their hair and it's really a sin 'cause redheads are scarce." Our Margret says she wouldn't dream of changing a thing about herself. "I was raised on a farm in Nova Scotia and my people were hard working, honest up-front folks who wouldn't dream of trying to be anything other than what they were. And I feel the same way. People either have to take me for what I am or not at all." And what she is is stacked!



Margret says she got teased a lot when she was a little girl about her red hair and freckles. Guys used to say, "she's got freckles on her but... but she's nice," and things like that. What they didn't reckon with is the fact that most redheads have fiery tempers. "After I beat up on a few of the neighborhood smarties, they stopped harassing me," she says. And Margret may be small (only 140 pounds and we know where a lot of that is) but she says she's pretty tough. "I'm a farm girl, and I was always up at the crack of dawn, milking and feeding cows, slopping hogs,







gathering eggs and all of that stuff plus some harvesting, and I developed really good muscles, all over my body. I may look soft and delicate but I'm not." But Margret says she may be strong but she always plays the ultra-feminine role with her men friends. "Men like to think that they are your protectors and that they can take care of you, so I let them although I'm pretty capable of taking care of myself." Margret is an actress now working in Hollywood. She hasn't landed any big roles yet (mostly extras and stuff) but we'll bet our last penny that some big parts are going to come along.





FOREMAN

CITY
MAINT.

City High
SCH

Kell 13

She rolled over on her belly, pulled her knees up under her and pushed her ass into the air, giving him a pointblank picture of upside-down pussy and wide-open breach. "Come on, Pretty Boy," she said. "Knock the top of my head off!"

ROAD GANG

BY J. E. BROWN

Papa and Mama hadn't been gone five minutes before Marcia got the hots and rushed upstairs so she could see the men working on the road. It was an old farm-to-market route that didn't get much traffic but Papa had complained about the chuckholes in the blacktop and because Papa knew somebody in the county highway department, they sent some men out right away.

And what peachy looking men! Young, muscular and beautiful as movie stars as far as she could tell from the window. One had long blond hair and was brown as a berry. She wondered what he looked like nude and giggled. Papa would have blown his cork if he'd known what she was thinking. "Don't know what this world's coming to," he often grumbled. "Kids do the goddamnedest things nowadays. Gives a man the hives just thinking about it."

Her hands played over the front of her blouse, brushing the fullness of her breasts. Now in her eighteenth summer she was bursting with sexual ripeness: Even Papa looked at her in a funny way sometimes. And the looks she received from the boys — and men — when she went to town made it clear their minds weren't on the weather or the price of beef.

Marcia moved closer to the window, opened it, pushed the screen up so she could lean out and down and see better. She smiled to herself, still wondering what the gorgeous blond would look like with his pants off.

She'd done it before, once with a cousin who lived in town and several times with her ex-

boyfriend who liked being jerked off more than anything else. Marcia liked doing that, too, but she liked fucking better. That was why they finally broke up; their tastes just weren't the same and, anyway, Herbie was a sort of whimpy little guy whose cock was hardly anything to crow about. Those guys down there, though — they were *men*. And the blond ... what must his be like!

Marcia giggled again. To hell with Papa going through the ceiling if he knew what she was thinking. What about those guys? What would *they* do if they knew what she was thinking? Storm the house? All of them on her! In her!

A thrill shot from the base of her neck down to her tailbone. She squirmed and shuddered and pressed her melony tits against the window sill. Her cheeks were on fire. Boy, was she horny!

And bored. Nothing to do around this damned old farm. Mama and Papa both working at the auction all month, younger sister Susan with an aunt in Dallas and older brother Chet in the Navy, balling those Geisha girls, she bet. And Marcia? Clean house, tend to the cows and chickens, play with herself. Papa had even restricted her use of the car because he saw her downtown the other night in "an outfit sure to make every buck in the county start rooting up the ground."

Her breasts rose and fell with her breathing as she watched the men fill the chuckholes. Idly, her fingers moved over the buttons of the blouse and she began undoing the buttons one by one, hardly thinking about it.

What if she just undressed right here at the window? Would they look up? What if they did? What would happen? Another hot tremor coursed the length of her spine, opening wellsprings in her loins.

Abruptly she stood and removed the blouse. She unfastened her bra and flung it away. Excitement made her hands tremble so much she could hardly remove her shorts.

Naked, she moved back in front of the window, leaned forward and out. The morning sunlight was deliciously warm on her now free boobs. They tingled with life and her nipples grew taut and pointed.

But nobody looked up.

God, what was she doing anyway? Was she nuts? No. Just horny.

The muscles in the blond's back rippled like disturbed snakes as he shoveled the black gravel into a depression directly in front of the drive.

Yeah. Oh yeah. He had a big one, you bet. Maybe nearly a foot long when ready. Boy, her imagination was giving her a fit. She cupped a hand under each breast and lifted them to the sunlight and air. Marcia whispered: "Wouldn't you like to suck on these, pretty boy? I'd like to suck on you. Ummmmm. Like a hummingbird sucking on a flower."

There were three, no four, of them, counting the driver of the truck who had not made himself clearly visible yet. Maybe if she screamed, they'd look up. Then what? Maybe if she reached out, caught the near limb of the frontyard

pecan and climbed down the tree to the lawn . . . what would they do then?

Flushing again with a fresh rush of heat, she turned from the window, shaking. Her face could have melted ice cubes. The reflection in the mirror showed a girl as voluptuous as any she'd seen, even in the movies.

The movies. Her mind, near giddiness, swam with something not yet formed. A thought. A memory. A movie. A gang of prisoners and a girl who'd gone out to wash her car in front of them. The girl had been as ripe and luscious as Marcia and a lot of her had fallen out of the skimpy dress she'd worn. The men had gone wild.

Marcia was suddenly struck with inspiration.

She went to her younger sister's bedroom and started rummaging through Susan's closet. She came up with just what she wanted: an old pea-green hand-me-down dress she'd given Susan a year ago that buttoned in front and was at least a couple of sizes too small even for Susan now. It was perfect, if she could get into the damned thing.

She squirmed and tugged herself into it but was unable to button the first three buttons at the top and the first half-dozen at the bottom. Perfect. Her tits bulged half out and the dress was open in front almost to the tops of her thighs. The buttons she did get fastened were straining to pop off and she could hardly breathe or walk. A mirror survey confirmed the brilliance in her choice of a car washing costume. The thought of

going down there in this dress made her itch like mad all over, inside as well as outside.

She ran for the stairs before she chickened out. By the time she tore through the door it was all she could do to keep from ripping the dress away.

She found the can of carwash and the garden hose in the garage, backed the Chevy out to the edge of the driveway where they could not help but see her, connected the hose and started to work on the car, rearend first — hers as well as the car's.

She sloshed soap and water over the trunk and the rear windshield, getting herself soaked and lathered as much as the car. Her excited panting was about to force the last top button of the dress to snap away. If that happened, both boobs would explode into full blooming view.

They were looking now all right. The motor of the truck had died and there was no sound of shovel or gravel. She could see out of the corner of her eye that they were not moving, simply watching. Then she heard one.

"Jeeeesus. Is that for real?" It was the big dark-haired one in the bed of the dumptruck.

"Seeing is believing, they say," said the driver. "But I don't believe it." He sounded like an older man, older than the three with the shovels.

The good-looking blond one said nothing as he watched.

"Lord. I think I got a squirrel shot that time. I think she's naked as a jaybird under that hanky of a dress."

"Christ almighty," moaned the skinny one beside the blond.

Marcia climbed up on the trunk to get to the roof. As she did so she felt the soggy hem of the dress slap up the backs of her thighs. When she was on top, on all fours, she stretched out her arms as if reaching for the forward part of the car roof, so the hem would climb higher. With a dizzying sexual jolt she felt the bottom of the dress slide up the cheeks of her ass. She spread her legs a little, so they could get a clear picture of her open and pinkly hungry pelt.

There was a noise that sounded like an animal in pain; a shovel clanged on the blacktop. The truck door opened; footsteps grated against gravel.

"Hey, doll?" It was the voice of the older man, the truck driver. "You need a hand up there?"

She looked down. "Oh," she said and smiled. "Hi." Marcia swiveled around and sat, with her legs dangling over the side of the car and the front of

(Continued on page 44)



"Honey, have you seen my head and shoulders?"



Bed Check at Mammary Lane

We've got plenty of new faces in this issue, so we're going to take five pages right now to throw some old-time favorites at ya. Opening this pictorial with our "A" material, we've got Roberta Pedon, above. Young and pretty, huge knockers, a trim little waist and the sweetest ass this side of heaven, Roberta is an Italian work of art. At left is Dolly, stripped to her "everyday" bra. When you've got a massive pair of jugs like hers to support, you can forget about those dainty little lacy type bras you see advertised in the newspapers.



Far left, this is Wendy, a gal we featured in our December '76 issue. Her measurements are a pendulous 62-32-37 which makes her one of the largest models we've ever photographed. Left, a sexy 34-year-old 50-inch D-copper by the name of Nikki who appeared in our August '78 issue. Nikki has three children, the oldest being fourteen. "People give me a lot of static about being a nude model," she told us. "They think that I'm not bringing up my kids right, but let me tell ya, my children aren't into dope, and they don't talk back, and they do good in school and I'm real proud of 'em . . . I must be doing something right." Alice, below, is five feet tall, weighs 125 pounds and measures 44-30-40. We can't remember the model's name, right. Maybe you can help?







Left, a shot of Jeri from our August '78 issue. She's still living in New York, although she says she often considers moving back to Kansas. A nice shot of big redheaded Sharon Kelley, above. Sharon is one of the most personable models we've ever had the pleasure of working with and has starred in several films. A weary looking Sigrid Bachman flashes the goods at the end of a long session, below. And concluding this issue's Mammery Lane, at right, is 55-inches of Maylou who also appeared in last August's issue. She's certainly among the cream of the crop.





ROAD GANG

Continued from page 38

the dress, which had just popped another couple of buttons, split all the way to her navel. Her pussy was right in front of the guy's astonished face. The others were behind him, all of their mouths open and their eyes as big as horse apples. She put a finger between the lips of her pussy, played with the froth there a bit, then pulled the hose between her legs and shoved it part way in. The cold water sent spasms of delight to her toenails and gushed out her cleft like a ruptured watermain.

"A hand and a lot more," she said. "I'll bet you've got one big as a mule's, old timer." Secretly she had her gem aimed at Blondie's eye but he seemed frozen to the spot where he stood.

She yanked out the hose and sprayed the driver in the face. He sputtered, laughed and tried to grab her kicking feet. She got up and ripped the rest of the buttons away, opening the dress and letting them have an eye full of what they were about to enjoy. The bushy dark-haired one was climbing the roof like a gorilla. She tore the dress completely off and threw it at him, jumped to the hood, then to the ground, and went running for the cottonwoods by the creek.

Chickens squawked and scattered under her feet and the gelding snorted and stomped behind the fence adjacent to the barn.

They were after her now, all except Blondie, who seemed to be hanging back. The bushy black-haired one was flinging off his clothes and the old guy was unzipping his pants with one hand and holding the skinny one back with the other.

"Plenty for all," she yelled and stopped at the first big tree breathless. What was she saying? What was she doing? Turning, she spread her legs a little and rested her back against the tree's broad trunk. "First come, first served. But I can take on two, maybe three at once." Boy, a demon had hold of her. She was in a fever, felt as if she could fly.

The old guy may have been old (at least in his forties) but he was fast, the first, and he had it rammed into her up to the hilt before any of the others arrived.

She grabbed the cheeks of his driving ass and leapt, straddling him with her feet in the small of his back. Marcia whinnied with glee as the old guy humped and the rest stood around slobbering.

The old guy got his cookies off in a wink and Marcia whooped with joy and pulled him down to the grass. Her hand

reached for the black-haired one's study rod. It looked twice as big as the old guy's. She tugged it to her mouth, swallowed its throbbing head while the old guy tried to get hard again but couldn't.

The skinny one swatted him on the butt and told him to get off. She felt the skinny one mount her and he humped while she sucked Blackie.

But where was Blondie?

She came about the same time as Blackhair and Skinny and it was crazy-wild mindblowing pleasure that went shooting through her body at this double-barreled blast. She kicked her legs in the air, snorting and moaning and wriggling with ecstatic convulsions.

When she opened her eyes, Old Guy was pulling Skinny off and she saw that the former had it up again. But Blackie beat him to the chute because Blackie's was also up again and he wanted it in her cunt this time. She took him on, grabbing his shaggy head in both hands, smearing the come on her lips all over his face as he chewed greedily at her tits and hammered her into the ground with his plunging cock. But in the back of her mind, somewhere on the edge of all this fun, she kept wondering where Blondie was and what he was doing and why wasn't he doing it to her.

Blackie was big all right, like a stallion, and she met his deep thrusts with heaves, pulling his hair, scratching his hide, tearing at his ears and tugging at his pounding pecker with her cunt until she thought she'd pull that big thing of his all the way through her guts to her tonsils. She howled when she came at the same time he did, and thrashed on the grass like a rabbit caught by a hawk before the last spasm subsided and she lay still. When the last of his load had emptied into her, he rolled away. Marcia lifted her head to search for Blondie.

There he was, sitting in the grass only a few feet away, simply staring.

"Hey," she said. "Want some?"

Old Guy started sucking one of her tits and said, "Don't mind him. He's a virgin. Pussy scares him something terrible."

"Does not," said Blondie. "I just —"

Marcia raised her knees, spread her thighs wide to give him a nice view. She rubbed her pussy and groaned. "Come on, Pretty Boy. All this other stuff has just been to prepare for you. I've never fucked a virgin before. I bet it'll be sweet. Here. Maybe you'd like it this

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"Is your husband left-handed?"

Half
'n'
Half







Doris Watson says that she used to have a terrible time deciding just who she was. She's half black and half white — half Irish and half American. “Mama was an Irish girl and daddy was an American GI stationed in Dublin,” she

explains. “I was born in Ireland and lived there until I was five years old. Well, I had a lot of white Irish cousins there and then my family moved back to the states, to Philadelphia, and there I met all of my black cousins. For some time, I didn't know who I was with my blue eyes and Irish accent.”









Doris said it was really rough growing up with a white mother and a black father. "The blacks didn't really accept me for quite awhile, until I got to be a teenager and started getting pretty and then I had a hard time fighting off the boys." She had decided when she was very young that she wanted to be a singer, and started taking voice lessons when she was eleven. Her career, which took off when she was about eighteen, catapulted her into the world of musicians and theatre people and they, she says, are very liberal when it comes to accepting people. "I began to be very proud of both my Irish and my African heritage," she says. "After all, how many people do you know who come from such diverse backgrounds as mine? But, at times I still couldn't decide whether I was a black girl with white blood or a white girl with strains of Africa coursing through my veins. Then I decided to take advantage of both. In my nightclub act, I sing Irish songs and blues and do both equally well." And Doris is accepted wherever she goes, partly because she's so talented and mostly because she is so beautiful. She says her measurements are about 40-28-38 — "but I never really measured myself. I don't really have time for stuff like that. I have all of my clothes custom-made so if you want to know exactly what size I am, you'd have to check with my dressmaker." Doris says she's getting a whole new act together, with a lot of disco-type songs, and that she may be cutting a record sometime soon. She says that nightclub singing is nice, but she really loves disco music and that that's where the big bucks are, and she wants to make a lot of money.







"Singing and dancing are my life," says Doris, "and show business has been really good to me. I have all of the money I need, a beautiful apartment, clothes, a nice boyfriend but I really want to branch out. If I can get one disco hit going then I can start appearing in places that I've never sung before." She says that her parents are very proud of her, "but they argue sometimes about where my talent comes from. Mother says that all of her family had good voices and good looks but Daddy says that without my black background I would never have the voice and delivery that I have. I just let them fight and go on about my business, doing what I do best, which is singing."

The Smasher

BY HAL BLYTHE & CHARLIE SWEET

The wrecker was dragging the mangled remains of the red Jaguar up from the culvert when I arrived. Spotting Lt. Carmody supervising the operation, I didn't even bother to flash my press card to the uniformed officers. They were too busy anyway trying to one-up each other with gory details of accident victims they had seen.

"Ah, *The Tribune's* crack reporter," coughed the lieutenant as he stepped over the twisted guardrail. "Wiley, don't you ever go home?"



JC Alcantara

I lit up a cigarette. "This freeway noise is music compared to Evelyn's constant complaining about my job, our neighborhood, and the rush-hour traffic."

"Seriously," laughed Carmody, refusing a cigarette, "what brings a high-powered journalist like you to a routine accident? Seems to me city-hall scandals are more your style."

It was my turn to laugh. "I'm driving home when I spot Traffic Division's head honcho on one of his rare trips to the field. My nose starts to twitch."

"Probably just the freeway dust," the cop replied, wiping his face with a handkerchief.

"Come on, Lieutenant," I said tartly. "It'd take more than a routine accident to pry you away from the office Christmas party. What's going on?"

Carmody stuffed his handkerchief into his back pocket. "In the last six months, this section of the freeway from Fifth to Delaney is up 45 percent in traffic fatalities. Me, I don't really give a shit if these idiots want to kill each other off, but the Captain's on my ass."

"Carmody, your concern for your fellow man is truly touching," I said sarcastically.

"Get off your high horse, news-hound. Everybody else on the watch is down at the stationhouse trying to get into a broom closet with Miss Jacobs."

"That new secretary?"

"Yeah. The one with the Dolly Parton knockers."

"Never noticed them — her," I said

with a grin.

Carmody laughed boisterously. "Sure. Wiley. But like I was saying — she's down at the office spreading Christmas cheer, and I'm here, coughing out my lungs trying to figure out what caused this mess. A drunk, faulty equipment, somebody falling asleep." The cop coughed loudly. "Same old explanations, unless you buy that 'smasher' crap those fag shrinks have been dishing out."

"Smasher?"

"Yeah, something about drivers taking out their frustrations with their cars. Acting like this freeway was one big demolition derby."

I jotted down a few words on the rumpled notepad I had pulled out of my coat pocket. "I take it you don't go along with their explanation?"

Carmody coughed again and then spat over the guardrail. "Those fags don't know any more about traffic problems than Miss Jacobs does about shorthand. Catch you later Wiley."

I detoured to my favorite barstool at Bernie's before heading to the weekly poker game. During the serenity that came with several Scotch and waters, I stared at my notepad. Now I've always thought of myself as civilized, but there was something primitively intriguing about the word I had circled — SMASHER.

By 1:30 that night my bones had been picked clean by the smiling card shark who doubled as *The Tribune's* religious editor — I swore the way the man kept looking heavenward he must be getting

help from somewhere.

When I got home, Evelyn's briefcase was open and papers were strewn across the kitchen table. As usual she had brought her work home from the real estate office and had gone to bed without me. Staring at her calculator and a pile of contracts, I remembered a better time . . . two white, flickering candles . . . a bottle of Lancer's rosé . . . a clink of crystal . . . a pair of hands reaching out . . . her moist lips parted, coming closer . . . her deeply tanned skin pressing against my firm flesh . . . our bodies rising and falling, then . . .

The foam from the beer can gushed forth as I popped the top, spewing suds across the floor. Mechanically I raised the cold metal to my lips, drained it, and then squashed the can with my foot. Since Evelyn had taken that job a year ago, my life had become flat, as flat as the beer can on the floor. Evelyn never had any time for anything except that damn job. I had become nothing more than the last appointment in her calendar book — an appointment she never kept.

Watching Lon Chaney turn into the werewolf for the umpteenth time, I fell asleep alone on the living room couch.

"Fred! Fred! Wake up!"

I looked up to see a tall, thin figure brushing by. Her dark hair was drawn tightly back behind her head, accenting her sharp features. The once soft and curvaceous body was now imprisoned by a dark gray pants suit straight from the pages of *Ms.* magazine.

"Left you some coffee in the pot. Gotta run."

"O.K. Meet you at the Mall at 5:00," I said.

"Darn. Meant to leave you a note about that," she said, lifting her briefcase and heading for the door.

"What about the Christmas shopping?"

"You'll have to handle that. I'm about to close the deal for the industrial park."

"But we . . ."

The door shut in my face.



"The real thing is twenty dollars, but I can give you a nice wrinkle for ten."

By ten I had turned my column over to my editor. Evelyn and I used to laugh at the irony as we worked together on "One Man's View." Now she rarely took the time to read anything but the paper's financial news. For the next day I had decided against a "think piece" on the loss of the old-fashioned

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Pussy Whipped





Who says big girls don't cry? They do when they get whipped in a catfight, or when they get their titties banged up in a knockdown drag-out grudge fight like our two lovelies Gloria and Nancy engaged in recently. The long-haired blonde is Gloria. She has appeared in some solo shots in GENT before, and is a well qualified 38 D-cupper. Well, the photographer thought that it would be a good idea to get a couple of good-looking girls to pose together, but he didn't know that mixing Gloria and Nancy was a bad idea — like oil and water. It seems that the girls had been enemies going back a long time when Gloria, with the big boobies, had taken Nancy's boyfriend away from her. Anyway, the girls got together and the first thing you know, Nancy is saying that she never posed with a cow before and Gloria is saying things like, "sticks and stones will break my bones . . ." and then Nancy took a swing at Gloria and the fight was on. They went outside because they didn't want to break up the furniture. The photographer, wisely, stayed away and just shot what was going on. "Never try to break up a fight with two girls," he said. "They are meaner and tougher and more brutal than a couple of wild cats." He's right. By the time the girls called it a draw there were torn clothes all over the place, bruised and banged up knockers, hurt feelings and more nasty words than you could find in a slang dictionary. And at the end the girls still didn't kiss and makeup.





HAIRY MEN

Continued from page 29

mention 640 bearded faces, the dedication of this tireless researcher becomes fully apparent. His results? Well, to start with, Dr. Setty found that male pubic hair usually grows in two basic patterns. The first is a simple encircling of the base of the penis, and the second is where hair encircles the base but also extends down the underside of the shaft. Any deviation from these patterns would be unusual. Setty did find that there was no significant difference between whites and blacks in either penile hair patterns, scrotal hair patterns, and aside from bare areas on the chin (common to blacks) no difference in beard hair. Since the overwhelming proportion of males have essentially the same amount and patterns of pubic hair,

“... Male pubic hair usually grows in two basic patterns: the first is a simple encircling of the base of the penis and the second is where hair encircles the base but also extends down the underside of the shaft.”

we are probably safe in assuming that this is not a factor in one man's level of virility versus another.

Before going on, it seems only fair to pause for a moment and try to find a reason *why* hairiness and sexuality just naturally seem to be associated. Perhaps one reason may be that hair seems to become more prominent when a person enters adolescence, a time we view as our sexual awakening. The truth of the matter is that those hair follicles were there all along, but with adolescence and the hormonal secretions that accompany it, they now assume full growth. Since increased hairiness is one of the more common secondary sex characteristics accompanying puberty, once again we can see how hairiness has come to be associated with masculinity and virility.

If adolescent hairiness is stimulated in the male by hormonal secretions, wouldn't it be fair to assume that a hairier man would have more male hormones and thus be more virile? The answer must be an unequivocal no! Baldness, which by definition means a *lack* of hair, has been incontrovertibly proven to be due to an *over*production of androgen, the male hormone, not a lack of it. Thus, most bald men have more than their share of male hormones, at least more than their more hairy colleagues.

Since hormones aren't the solution to the hairy-man-is-virile belief, further proof of the fact that hair and sexuality are *somehow* related comes from a recent discovery indicating that there's a very real difference in the chemical and cellular make up of the male as opposed to the female hair follicle, a factor which we've just seen to be critical in adolescent growth and adjustment. But this discovery appears to have an additional significance as well. Researchers at the University of Ghent in Belgium report a breakthrough in sex determination of patients who are suffering from a

number of diseases concerned with sex chromosome abnormality. The researchers use as their primary variable specimens of the patient's hair roots. Their findings suggest a definite advantage to this technique as opposed to most others currently in practice.

And now for one of the most fascinating studies anyone has yet uncovered regarding the probability that hair and sexuality are somehow linked. Approximately seven or eight years ago, *Nature*, one of Britain's most respected scientific journals, reported the research of a scientist who had just completed a two year study on a remote island. It seems that during these years the researcher made periodic visits to the mainland. A bachelor, his shopping list not only included such staples as foodstuffs and clothing, it also called for liberal replenishment of his sexual needs. According to his own accounts, his sexual appetite was substantial and he rarely went back to his island unquenched. Therein lies the essence of his discovery. Much to his surprise, he found that while on the island and thus without female companionship, his beard grew at a rather limited rate. However, the day prior to his mainland trip and for the first few days with women (I repeat, the accounts of this man's sexual life lead one to assume he never was out of bed) he noted that his beard grew at an exceptionally fast rate. While this fact is startling of itself, the researcher admits that the situation that amazed *him* the most was that "even in the presence of particular female company in the absence of intercourse, after a period of separation, usually caused an obvious increase in beard growth." In other words, just the anticipation of sex was enough to set his beard growing at a gallop.

“... Certain circumstances, namely tension, anxiety, mental fatigue and increased alcoholic intake, do most definitely cause an increase in beard growth.”

As with most studies the researcher attempts to explain the phenomenon he's just observed. Here, a case was made for hormonal activity as the basis for the beard-growth sexual-activity link. Again as with most controversial pieces of scientific speculation, you'll find that some people agree and some do not. A point that most scientists do agree upon however, is that certain circumstances, namely tension, anxiety, mental fatigue and increased alcoholic intake, do most definitely cause an increase in beard growth. Whether or not heightened sexual activity is a factor is still a controversial area, but it is noteworthy that in the eight or more years since this study, there's been no mention that anyone has tried to corroborate or disprove the findings as stated.

Is there a link between hair and sexuality? The evidence points to an answer in the affirmative. Is a hairy man more virile; is he likely to be a better lover? According to most of the findings, both men and women *perceive* a hairy man as sexier, more masculine and more virile. With all these positive things going for him, I think we'd have to agree that the hairier man has a much better chance of being rated as a better lover than his less hairy counterparts. It may all be in the eye of the beholder.

G

Grass Roots

How'd you like to find Vicky lying on your lawn some afternoon? Here she is out catching some of the sun's rays on her gorgeous body and great 41-inch boobies. Vicky barely qualifies for our D-Cup crowd, but she is definitely qualified in every other area we can think of. Vicky lives in California where a lot of our big girls come from. She is not at all interested in being an actress or a movie star or anything at all having to do with show business. "I come from a whole family of actors and actresses," she says, "and believe it

or not, it isn't the glamorous life that a lot of people think it is. I used to see my mother have to get up at four in the morning to be on the set in her makeup by six and since I'm basically a lazy type of girl, I sure wouldn't want to do that." But you'll have to admit that Vicky is star quality even if we never see her on the silver screen. She owns her own chain of boutiques in Beverly Hills and has a manager to take care of things, "so that I can just take it easy in the mornings and lie out in the grass or by my pool," she says.











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ON THE RAG

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fects both mental and physical, researchers still debate the cause for these "female troubles." Cramps, fatigue, migraine headaches, bitchiness: are they for real or just products of a woman's over active imagination? In truth, their causes are probably both biological and psychological.

That a woman's emotional state can affect her menstrual cycle is beyond debate. A case of the jitters can both bring on early menstruation or delay it. Sometimes women who fear that they are pregnant cease to menstruate not because of actual pregnancy, but because of their anxiety.

It's quite possible that the emotional factor is a two way street. Right before her period a woman's hormone levels do radically drop and her chemical balance changes. It is very possible that for this reason she might get angry for very little reason or feel like crying. Although many women do feel tense a day or two before their periods begin, they don't become uncontrollably hysterical or "crazy."

The way a woman feels about menstruation definitely has something to do with the way she feels during it. Something called the self-fulfilling prophecy comes into play. If she's been told that her monthly period is a curse, that when she has it, she'll feel sick, then that's exactly what will happen. She might not even be aware that part of her physical discomfort is psychosomatically induced; it will feel just as bad.

Husbands and lovers who believe the old wives' tales can also reinforce the menstruating woman's feeling that something is wrong with her. If you expect her to become a fire-breathing bitch two days before her period begins, chances are she won't disappoint you. There still are men who avoid their wives both in and out of bed during that time of month which isn't much of an improvement over the primitive taboos.

Bleeding every twenty-eight days is mysterious. Studies show that when women live together in situations like college dormitories their periods tend to synchronize so that eventually most of the women will be bleeding at the same time. No one knows why.

Some feel that it is no coincidence that the lunar cycle and the average menstrual cycle are exactly the same.

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A photograph of a person in a red swimsuit floating in the ocean. The sun is setting in the background, creating a warm, orange glow over the water. The person's legs and back are visible in the foreground, partially submerged. A diagonal banner with a red background and yellow border is overlaid on the image, containing the text "Those Sexy Swimwear Coverups".

Those Sexy Swimwear Coverups

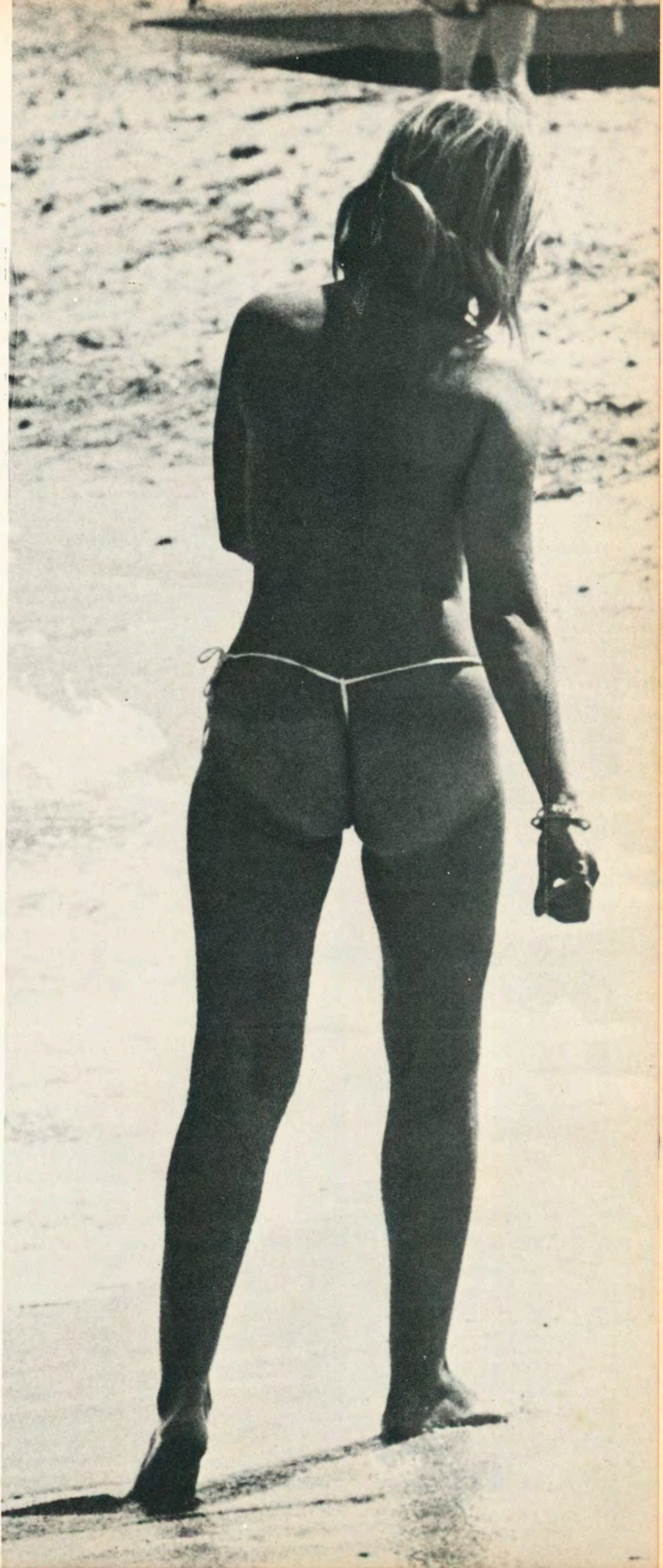


On this page we've got two shots taken in Rio de Janeiro, the sun and fun capital of Latin America. No swimwear pictorial would be complete without a mention of Rio since this resort city and the voluptuous girls who live there have always been trend setters when it comes to sexy bikinis. Any swimwear designer's imagination would have to be stimulated by these gals who are probably the world's most curvaceous women. Brazil doesn't have all the good-lookers though. Beautiful Carol, at right in the blue, chain-tied bikini, is a model from Los Angeles who has some nice curves of her own. Her swimsuit is standard bikini fare featuring a generously cut top to contain Carol's comparatively large 38-inch breasts and a briefly tailored bottom to keep tanlines to a minimum. Far right, in the pink one-piece, is Erica. This suit, cut high at the hip, narrow in the front and crotch, and made of thin stretchy material is destined to be this year's "in" style. Before wearing this one, most gals will need a close shave.





The stunning model at left is no other than June Williams who was featured in our March issue. June owns no less than twenty swimsuits and here she is shown removing the top of a standard string bikini which she says is still her favorite style. "I know the one-pieces are back in style," she told us, "but I like to sunbathe bare-breasted and that presents a problem. I guess I'm more interested in tanning as much of my body as I can than in being fashionable." You can probably guess where the shot at right was taken. When it comes to topless sunbathing and a lot of nudity, there's one beach in the world which is the most famous—St. Tropez in the south of France. Though her tanline reveals that this gal is wearing a new suit for the first time, a display like this hardly raises an eyebrow on the French Riviera. Why wear a suit at all? you might ask. Well, where total nudity is against the law, even the briefest of attire can stop you from getting thrown in the pokey. And another reason is that women dress to turn men on and they know that men love being teased. It's a fact that men are more turned on by trying to imagine just what a girl looks like behind that little wisp of bikini (I can almost see it!) than if the gal were totally nude and nothing left to chance. That about wraps up our swimwear pictorial. Hope ya enjoyed and next time we'll try to round up some bigger boobs to stuff these sexy summertime coverups.



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ON THE RAG

Continued

Louise Lacey, the author of *Lunaception*, experimented with using light to control her cycle and found that for her, at least, sleeping with the light on induced ovulation. She theorized that women's timing was such that they ovulated with the full moon and bled with the new moon.

The idea that in this sexually enlightened age the old taboos and myths can outshine reality is considered by some to be sheer lunacy. We all know that a bleeding woman doesn't doom all she comes in contact with, but many women still refuse to touch plants during their periods for fear of killing them. We know that the actual loss of blood is very slight, yet there are many who still treat menstruation as a sickness. And we know that the menstrual discharge is perfectly harmless, but most doctors refuse to perform pelvic exams on a menstruating woman and for many men a woman's period remains the ultimate sexual turn off.

There wouldn't be any problem with the latter situation if women unilaterally were turned off to sex during their periods. Some women do use a man's seeming disgust of bloodying himself to get out of having sex with him, but most women, except for the obvious esthetic reasons or out of self-consciousness, are very open to having sex while they are bleeding. A lot of women claim that menstruation is the horniest time of the month for them. Besides that, orgasm relieves the pelvic congestion that causes cramps in some women.

So if a woman is craving sex and, on top of that, a cramp cure, but her lover says, "yech!" an obvious problem exists. Why do men get turned off at the very thought of having intercourse with a menstruating woman? The Freudians think that a gore covered cock gives most men a definite case of castration anxiety. Jungians feel that originally if people hadn't enforced menstrual taboos and taken a break from fucking, then the work of becoming civilized would never have been accomplished.

Probably a more valid reason for quite a few men wanting to abstain from intercourse with a woman who is menstruating is that they dislike the very idea of coming into contact with the discharge. In the aforementioned Pietropinto study when men were asked, "What is the most unpleasant

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aspect of sex for you?", odors and discharge were given as the second most frequent response.

Man would seem to be about the only animal who is turned off to female odors. Nearly every other species relies on odors to attract males to females and thereby insure intercourse. Besides, if a woman practices cleanliness, her discharge will not have a strong smell to it. The odor intensifies only when the menstrual is exposed to the air and bacteria grows. The fact that a man would be repelled by a woman who is bleeding, in all probability, does not have a biological basis.

Young children tend to get the idea that the vagina and the asshole are one and the same. Perhaps, deep inside, that idea is carried into adulthood and vaginal discharges are equated with excretion.

On top of that, we live in a deodorized society. Huge annual advertising budgets are allotted to convince women and their sex partners that natural is not nice. Flavored douches, vaginal deodorant sprays and wipes are just a part of the campaign to rid ourselves

"Studies show that when women live together — in situations like college dormitories — their periods tend to synchronize..."

of foot odor, bad breath, perspiration and even hair odor. No wonder quite a few men prefer sanitary sex. If we believe what we see on T.V., there is something wrong with a person who would settle for natural odors.

So what's a man to do? Many women are perfectly content to abstain from sexual relations for the duration of their periods. Either they don't feel in the mood, they feel self-conscious or they don't want to have to wash the stains off the sheets. Maybe you're the one who wants to continue having sex all month long and she doesn't.

Or it could be the other way around: she's practically foaming at the mouth for a good fuck while you're figuring out a tactful way to avoid her. The whole idea of messing around turns you off because it would be just that — a bloody mess! You know she's not going

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to like the idea of just giving you a blow job and calling it quits. What do you do then?

In both cases, compromise can be the best solution. Before you can arrive at an agreement that is pleasurable for both of you, it's essential to find out where your heads are at. Let her know how you feel about having sex when she's bleeding and get her to tell you how she feels about it. It's a bummer for both men and women to feel coerced into having sex when they're turned off about it.

Sometimes just talking about fears and hang-ups will cause them to lose their intensity. If that doesn't happen there are a few logical alternative solutions. If the woman wears a diaphragm the flow can be stopped temporarily and intercourse and even oral sex will be bloodless.

"If the woman wears a diaphragm, the flow can be stopped temporarily and intercourse - and even oral sex - will be bloodless."

She might want to stimulate you orally or manually while either she or you stimulate her manually. If she wears a tampon, again the flow will be stopped. Just don't try intercourse while she's wearing one! The two of you might decide to abstain during the days of her heaviest flow and then resume sexual relations when the flow is lighter. If both of you can communicate what you want and don't want, it shouldn't be difficult to ease the sexual tensions.

Even the ancients didn't consider being on the rag entirely a curse. The magical qualities of menstrual blood were used at times to cure severe illness and when the fields were infested with caterpillars, if a menstruating woman ran through the area she supposedly saved the crops and killed the caterpillars.

Though a woman's monthly flow is still a mystery in part, it doesn't have to be a frightening one. By now it's probably a fact of life she's learned to live with and if you live with her, you'll have to learn to live with it, too! **G**

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THE SMASHER

Continued from page 54

Christmas in favor of one about the cost of the city's Christmas decorations, for I could hammer that crap out without much thought. Since the legwork had already been done, I had only to make a few calls to doublecheck the figures and quotes. Maybe Evelyn had been right after all. It had been over a year since I'd turned out a column worth reading.

I was checking my notepad for an address when I ran across that word again — SMASHER. On an impulse I called Carmody and got the name of the consulting psychologist the police used. "Ivory-tower fags won't give you shit for less than 50 dollars an hour."

Dr. Patterson agreed to see me at two. I have to admit the suite looked like 50 dollars an hour. French provincial furniture sunk into emerald-green carpeting so thick that I left my footprints as I walked to the receptionist's desk. Entering the Doc's office was like being transported to a tropical rain forest. Plants cascaded down on me from every corner.

"Sit down, Mr. Wiley," urged a soft voice from behind a large rubber plant.

"Dr. Patterson, I presume," I said, peering over a fig tree.

"Correct. Now tell me what was so ..."

As the doctor stepped from behind the plant, I began to chuckle. Carmody had never been so wrong in his life. This shrink was definitely no fag. Her cornsilk hair fell onto a powder-blue, cashmere sweater. And her figure — it would have started Carmody looking for a broom closet. It had been a long time since I had seen legs uncamouflaged by some type of pants. When she sat down and crossed her legs, I realized how much I had missed them.

"Is something wrong, Mr. ... Wiley?"

"It's just that I was expecting something ... different."

"A little old professor with a white smock, a Viennese accent, and long whiskers?"

"Not exactly. Ah, let's just skip it. You see, I'm with *The Tribune*."

"That Mr. Wiley. You haven't had a decent column in over a year."

"You're probably right, but the reason I'm here is to ask you a few questions."

"I'm the one who usually asks the questions, but ..."

"Don't worry," I interrupted. "It

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won't cost you fifty bucks an hour."

She smiled back and uncrossed her legs. "You're too generous. Now, what can I do for you?"

"As you know there's been a recent rise in fatalities on the freeway. Lt. Carmody says you have a new theory about the cause."

"The Smasher Syndrome."

"That's it. What can you tell me about it?"

"It's a relatively new phenomenon," she began, scratching her leg. "I've interviewed some of the people the police have charged with causing those wrecks and managed to piece together a personality profile."

"Your typical smasher," I said, while writing in my notepad.

"Exactly. The majority are men, men who lead otherwise normal lives. However, each has a weak self-image and is saturated with frustrations."

"What kind of frustrations?"

"Job, family, financial, sexual. It could be any number of things. The point is that each one, caught on the freeway, pressured by bumper-to-bumper cars, honking horns, and overheating radiators, suddenly can't take it any longer and snaps. He lashes out with the only weapon he has."

"His car," I said. By now I had mastered the art of writing on my pad while looking at her legs.

"You seem to have a fascination with ... psychology," she said, and rubbed her right leg across her left. If she had been a cricket, it would have been a mating call. "Maybe we can finish our discussion over dinner," she suggested, brushing a wisp of hair from her forehead.

"I'd love to," I said rising. "But I have some last minute Christmas shopping."

She pouted all the way to the door, then turned to me. "I hope Santa fills your stocking with what you want."

I smiled. Dr. Patterson's invitation was tempting. Maybe I'd hate myself for it someday, but with my present situation on edge I didn't need that kind of complication. So I left the hothouse exactly as I found it.

I swung by Traffic Division. Preoccupied with giving Miss Jacobs dictation, Carmody let me photocopy the accident reports I wanted. I limited myself to that stretch between Delaney and Fifth that Carmody had said was such a disaster area.

By the time I finished with the photocopier, it was late. I postponed my shopping expedition a little longer by

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going home to change into something more comfortable. I was surprised when I arrived, for the lights were on, and the house reeked of the same stale odor that filled our city room before the publisher went on his anti-smoking kick. I was tired, but it doesn't take much to tell the world of difference between a Havana handrolled and a Virginia Slims.

Steam seeped out from under the bathroom door. I threw my sportscoat down on the kitchen table beside Evelyn's closed briefcase and grabbed a cold Miller's from the refrigerator. I opened the can carefully so as to release the pressure slowly.

Evelyn stepped out of the bathroom. Clad only in a Turkish towel, she stopped suddenly as her eyes met mine.

"Fred, I didn't . . . expect you home . . . so soon," she stammered. "What a day I've had."

"Oh," I said noncommittally.

"You wouldn't believe the hassles." She seemed to be staring past me as she talked. "That bottleneck at Delaney got me again. They ought to do something about that traffic on the freeway. And my new secretary. I don't think she's going to work out. Do you know what a roast beef sandwich costs?" She moved toward me.

"Yeah," I agreed. "It's a jungle out there all right."

She brushed past me.

"Why don't I just forget about shopping. We'll spend a quiet evening here."

"I've got . . . to go out tonight," she said hesitantly. She was inching toward the kitchen sink.

"Tonight?" I stepped closer to her.

"We're closing the deal."
Her back to me, she reached into the sink. Almost instinctively I grasped her hand and removed it from a familiar object.

We both looked down at the white plastic Cinzano ashtray. Stolen from the hotel in Rome where we honeymooned, it had always been kept next to our bed.

Amidst the lipstick-tipped cigarette butts lay the solitary remains of a large, stumpy cigar.

Evelyn ripped her hand loose. "You don't understand. It's not what it looks like."

"What does it look like?" I asked.

Evelyn started toward the bedroom.

"I am not going to argue with you."
I picked up the ashtray and headed after her. "Evelyn!"

"Hell, Fred!" Her towel dropping
(Continued on page 82)



Annette Says "Yes"

What do you know? Here's lovely Annette back again for another round in *Gent*. You probably remember this lovely D-Copper from the June issue — how could you possibly forget? Well, one reason she's back is to plug her movie. In the last issue she said that she was getting tired of saying no, and so when she was asked if she'd like to be immortalized on celluloid, she said yes (after it was explained that that meant making a movie).





Annette says that her first go on film is very good. She shakes and rattles and wiggles and shows off her 44-inch goodies all over the place. "I just did what was natural," she said. These pics are the tame out-takes for the film which is, to put it mildly, a real bra-buster. She doesn't have any dialogue because it's a silent film, but her body and jugs do the talking and there's no need to say anything more. Are you intrigued? Bet you are!







Annette's film is titled "No, No Annette" and if you look carefully through the pages of this issue, you'll find an ad for the movie. Tear it out and run to the post office with your check or money order, and pretty soon Annette will be right there on your living room wall, shaking and wiggling and showing her charms and saying "Yes! Yes! Yes!" Annette says that she loved making the film and now hopes that she gets spotted by some big-time producer so she can do a real dramatic role. We hope she gets a part because there's a helluva lot of talent hidden behind those magnificent mammaries. And we'd like to see it.

Gent



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THE SMASHER
Continued from page 76

and her voice becoming surly, she made her stand. "This is the 70's. I'm free to do what I want with whom I want." She removed her shower cap and started dressing. "So I've been seeing Phil. He's important to my career. Without him I never would..."

"Have consummated the deal."
 "Don't be so damned funny!" She pulled on a low-cut evening dress. "This bed's as important to me as my calculator." She zipped her dress up the side with a flourish. "That's the way it is."

It all happened so fast that I just stood there. In five minutes I had not only found that my wife was having an affair, but that she was proud of it.

She hurried past me and picked up her purse. "You've got a choice, Fred. Take it, or leave it!"

The door slammed. I don't know how long I stood there staring at where she had been, but suddenly I was aware of the pain in my right hand. I looked down.

Jagged bits of plastic protruded from my palm, and blood trickled down from the wound, almost covering the pile of ashes on the carpet beside me.

The rest of the evening remains a fragmented memory. A lot more beer... a half-bottle of Jack Daniels... a barrage of profanity I hadn't heard myself utter since my Army days... swollen eyes peering out of a mirror... several attempts to glue the white ashtray back together... finally a vague impression of a man on TV turning into a green-skinned monster.

Shortly before noon I awoke. Evelyn wasn't there, of course. My head throbbing, I shaved and dressed hurriedly — I wanted to get away from that house as fast as possible. The office, however, provided no sanctuary. Painful images, impossible to shut out, forced their way between me and my typewriter.

For some reason I started reading those accident reports I'd photocopied. Even in my unsettled state, I began to sense a pattern to the fatalities even though CAUSE OF ACCIDENT had been labelled "Unknown."

All of the deaths occurred during the late-afternoon rush hour. Something
 (Continued on page 87)

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Reunion of Lust

BY AMOS PEAVEY

“You can never go back,” she heard herself saying, but today, right this minute, she wished she could.

You know how it is in the old World War II movies you still see sometimes on late-hour television, the scene where the flier is going away at dawn and he gets off lines like, “It’s a bomber’s moon tonight,” and “It isn’t fair to you, I only have a couple hours more,” and the girl says something like, “I feel as if I have only that couple of hours to really live,” and in the next scene she’s looking for a warm dry sympathetic place to have the baby. No stop at the drug store, no look at a calendar, no nothing. Just wham, bam, and blessed are the meek and fertile. And for the rest of the movie she’s a “Girl with a past,” and she’s very noble and never makes a sound while the tears run down her cheeks.

Kelley Hegeman was a girl with a past, a small one, anyway, but that past was seven years ago when she still had her maiden name. And as Kelley Harper she had been much too realistic to be carried away by any bomber moons or fliers going off to any wars, which were in disfavor at the time anyway, and she was much too bright, especially with The

Pill around, to get hung up with any pregnancies. She never shed any tears of remorse, either, silent or otherwise.

Now, today, Kelley has that aimless, lost, summer-afternoon feeling you get when you’re about ten years old and you walk around between the shade and the sunlight, kicking pebbles, stepping on ants, wishing there was someplace to go, something to do. But Kelley wasn’t ten years old. Her twenty-eighth birthday was coming up next week, and for the last month of long summer afternoons she’d been asking herself, where had all those years gone, and why? Give Monica her bottle in the crib upstairs. Feed the cat. Put a Band-Aid on David’s forehead and phone the Whitney boy’s mother and tell her that Walter was throwing rocks again. Then what? This afternoon, again, the locusts were shrilling about the heat, and somehow that made the boredom even tougher to take.

Kelley was grateful when the phone rang. She was not even surprised when she said hello and heard the voice she’d been thinking about, the voice she hadn’t heard in more than seven years.

"Sam Lausen," she said. "I thought you were in South America or Saudi Arabia or somewhere."

"There used to be a song my grandmother played on the Victrola called *Lulu's Back in Town*. That's me. Lulu."

"Where *have* you been?"

"Out on the coast, for a while, working on a TV series, but mostly right here in New York."

"Can you come out to Cos Cob?" Kelley heard herself saying. "I'd like to get a look at you after all these years."

"Sure," Sam said. "You don't suppose Leonard would mind?"

What Leonard doesn't know, Kelley started to say, then realized how confession-magazine it sounded, and laughed. "Leonard would be glad to see you, but he isn't here right now. Can you stay for dinner?"

"I can't tonight, but I would like to drive out and see you this afternoon. How do I find your place? I know how to get to Cos Cob."

She told him, then cradled the phone, smiling. The sound of the cicadas had lost its monotonous tone, seemed somehow exciting. She felt a faint stirring, low in her belly.

She was looking out the picture window watching her smudged five-year-old, David, rearranging a pattern of stones on the front lawn when a dark gray Mercedes convertible pulled up at the curb. The quiet elegance of the car made her mouth water and she tried not to think of the cluttered, lived-in looking station wagon parked in the driveway.

The door on the curb side of the Mercedes opened and Sam Lausen slid out and unfolded to his full height. He hadn't put on any weight. He was as lean as ever, and deeply tanned. When he glanced at the house and saw her looking out, he waved his hand in a grave salute and started up the flagstone path.

After she'd opened the door for him he looked at her for a long unsmiling minute.

"You haven't changed a bit, from what I can see," he said.

She looked back at him, openly curious. He wore his hair a little shorter and there was a fleck of gray here and there at the sides but aside from that everything about him was the same, even the slow, deep, slightly Southern inflection in his speech.

"Thank you, but I've really changed a lot." She led him into the living room and he sat down. "For one thing, I have an eighteen-month-old baby asleep upstairs, and a five-year-old boy. He's the monster messing up the front lawn."

"Good looking boy," Sam said. "Looks like Leonard, if I remember Leonard right."

"You probably do," she said, sitting down next to him on the wide blue divan. She looked at him again, and his eyes held hers. I wish he wouldn't look at me that way, she thought. Or do I? She felt that warm stirring, low inside her. "You probably remember a lot of things."

She expected him to drop his eyes, but he didn't.

"Sure I do, Kelley," he said. "You don't think I could ever forget?"

She knew she should be annoyed, or even angry, here in this safe house in safe respectable suburbia with her son playing on the front lawn. But she wasn't annoyed or angry a bit. She was getting excited. With an effort, she tried to hide her rising lust.

"That was a long time ago, Sam," she said. "Seven years

is a very long time."

But she remembered, too well. Sam's quick easy grin, and the funny smothered laugh, deep in his throat. The way the freckles on his shoulders stood out when he was wet from a dip and lying beside her on the sand. The way the sun used to glitter on the strong curly hairs on his forearm. And — yes — the hard swell of his cock against her belly when he held her close.

"It seems like yesterday," Sam said, and Kelley was startled. The tired phrase sounded too fresh, too apt.

"You can never go back," she said, and crossed her legs uneasily. Her skirt slid up and she saw Sam look down at her smooth elegant knees, the subtle swell of one glorious calf. You can never go back, she had just said, but today, this afternoon, right this minute, she wished she could.

While she was wishing Sam leaned over and kissed her, softly, on the mouth. For just a second, forgetting herself, she kissed him back, then broke away.

"Stop it, Sam," she said.

"Don't you want to?"

She didn't answer. He kissed her again, hard this time, and after a long moment she opened her mouth and felt his tongue reaching in. Her own tongue met his, flicking, dancing.

She felt Sam's hand unbuttoning the top of her blouse, his fingers slipping into the front of her wisp of a bra, her nipples tightening. She felt him capture one tight little bud, gently, between the tips of two fingers. She broke away again.

"My little boy could come through that door any second," she said.

She could hear herself breathing. Her heart was pounding. She uncrossed her legs and squeezed her thighs together but it didn't help. There was only one thing that could put out the fire between her legs. Sam. Sam and that big red brute of a cock of his. She'd never been able to forget it.

"You could lock the door," Sam said.

"No we can't," she said. "You can't lock a small child out of his own house."

But as she said it, Kelley saw the great throbbing ridge down Sam's left leg. Almost on its own, without her willing it, her hand went out and touched the long swelling. It's like the branch of an oak tree, she thought inanely. She caught herself wondering if it would still fit into her Leonard-shrunk pussy. Ah, well. That did it, that bit of wondering. The hell with her young-mother image. She wanted it. Now!

"Maybe there's a way," she said, not sounding maybe at all and not caring. "But we'll have to be quick. Come on."

She took Sam by the hand and led him into the TV room and closed the door behind them. There was no lock on the door but she dragged a straight-backed chair over and propped it under the knob.

"That won't keep the boy out if he rattles the door," Sam said, being practical but sounding strained. "We'll have to find a better place if you're worried. No good doing this where you'll worry."

"I told you we have to be quick," she said, feeling the oozing start. "But there's a way he won't see anything even if he gets the door open."

She led Sam to a wide deep loveseat that faced the television set. The back of the seat was toward the door.

"Sit down," she said. "Like in the front seat of your old Buick, remember? I'll straddle you. Come on, Sam. Hurry." She couldn't wait. She knew her cunt was so wet it was almost dripping.

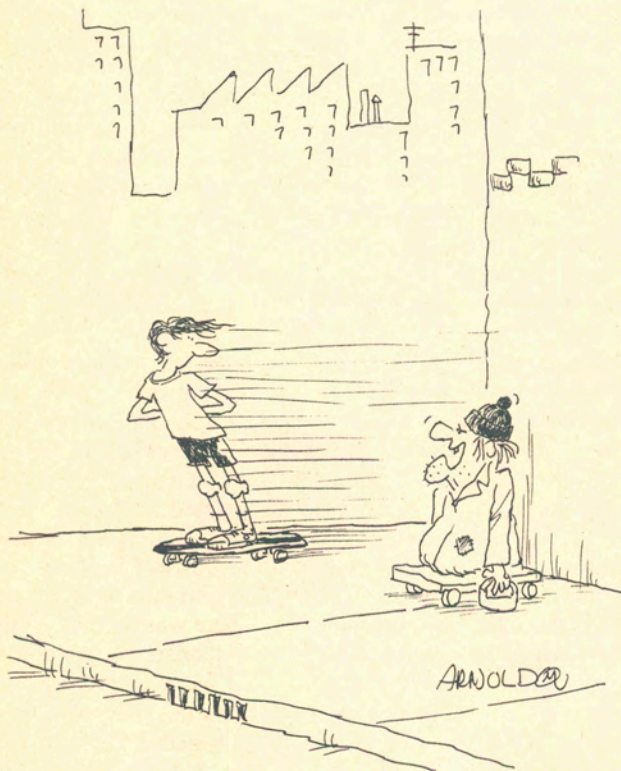
He unbuckled his belt and sat down, pushing his pants and shorts down around his knees.

The Other Half

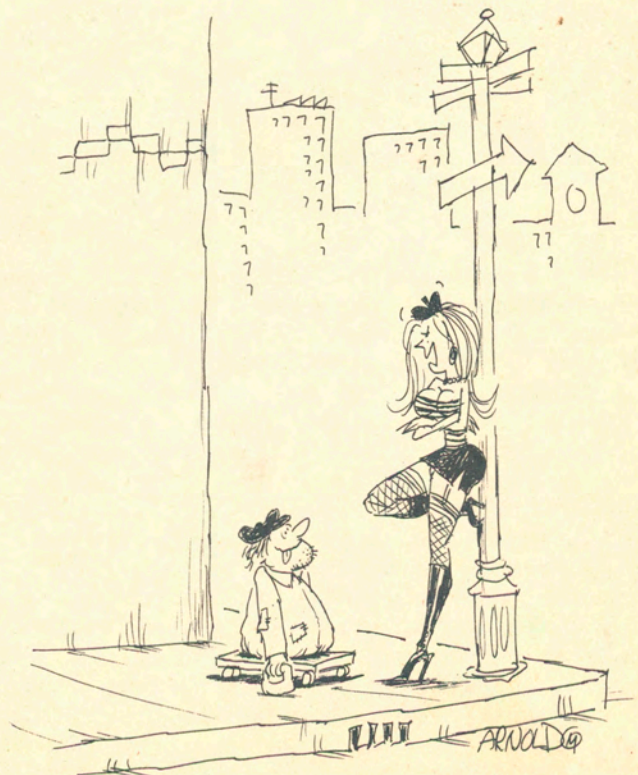
by Arnold Miesch



"I've been in a half-assed mood, lately."



"Danged hotdoggers!"



"No, you can't have 50 percent off!"

Her eyes widened. His cock was enormous, bigger even than she remembered. The head was a swollen, angry purple, the skin stretched so tight it seemed to shine.

She raised her skirt above her hips and stood in front of him for a long moment with her legs apart, letting him look at her. She never wore panties around the house, and Sam stared at the bright copper hair along the pink slash of her cunt, so wet now, the lips swelling and parting in a moist pout. The deep vibrant pinkness of her twat and the soft orange-red of the fine silky hair framing it were made brighter, more startling, by the breathtaking whiteness of her skin. Like many red-heads, Kelley had to stay out of the sun. Her skin couldn't take it.

"You think it'll fit, Sam?" she asked, unable to keep from teasing him as she moved slowly toward the couch. She could control her excitement better now, with that great prick in sight, within cunt-grasp. "It looks even bigger than it used to be."

"Just big enough," Sam said in a strangled voice, putting his hands behind her, palming the delicious globes of her smooth ripe ass.

"It looks awful big," Kelley said in a little voice. It was rock-hard and enormous, swollen to bursting at the head. A heavy vein that ran lengthwise along the cock's underside pulsed and subsided, pulsed and subsided.

"I don't think it'll fit, Sam," she said deliberately, trying to tease some more. But she was teasing herself as much as Sam. Her eager, open pink slit was only inches from his face. He leaned forward and she felt his tongue licking up and down between the thirsty lips of her tingling twat.

"This is no time for lunch, darling," she said, and leaned forward to put the tip of her tongue in his ear. "We've got some fast fucking to do."

She got up onto the loveseat with one knee on each side of his hips, took the head of his shaft between thumb and forefinger and guided it into her waiting wet entrance. She felt her welcoming cunt engulf the whole huge head, wrapping itself eagerly around its enormity. Then she let herself slide down, down, down on the hard length of the thick shaft. It felt like a telephone pole going up inside her, but her cunt seemed to gulp and swallow the entire granite obelisk. She hadn't been filled with so much joy, Kelley thought, or so much cock either, in seven years.

"It's up in my throat, Sam," she said. "I can't talk."

He moved his hips in a slow circular motion. She groaned, and pressed down on him. After a long, grinding, ecstatic moment she drew the reluctant inner mouth of her cunt all the way up the length of the thick shaft, then plunged down again, up again slowly, then down again.

Sam arched his hips to meet every slow plunge, but soon the fiery delight of the flesh inside her became more than she could bear, and she began to raise and lower herself faster, feeling an ecstasy of fulfilled need as Sam's relentless thrusting cock probed ever higher and deeper inside her.

She slid up and down, up and down, on the great slippery spear, riding it, exulting on it like a kid on a bobbing horse on a merry-go-round. Huge as his cock was, she couldn't seem to get enough of it, but kept pressing down hard toward the base, taking the clenched fist of hard head deeper and deeper up her wet channel of joy. She delighted in the wet sucking sounds they were making as she drew her cuntlips upwards along the sliding shaft. Her cunt clutched at it, squeezed it, sucked at it like a hungry red-furred mouth. She felt the quivering, crying rapture inside her building, mounting beyond control to a mindless, shattering peak.

Then she was coming, shuddering spasmodically, groaning deep in her throat, and she felt Sam jamming his great cock upward with swift sure strokes until he too climaxed, exploding like a gigantic skyrocket inside her.

Abruptly, from a different world, she heard the sound of the outside door opening with a bang into the living room.

She got to her feet swiftly, with Sam's milky fluid spurting to the carpet. She heard young David's footsteps pounding through the room and stood for a second frozen, thinking the boy was headed for the room they were in, but the pounding footsteps went on up the stairs, to the upstairs bathroom.

Kelley relaxed. On bathroom missions, David was always in one hell of a hurry.

Sam stood up, zipping his pants.

"It'll look better to the boy if we get out into the other room," he said.

Sam always had been a thoughtful type, she remembered, after he'd been laid.

When they were out in the middle of the living room Sam looked down at her, his face strangely set and serious. She was still quivering inside and a faintness was washing over her in waves. Sam raised his hands and held her by the shoulders.

"Meet me in town someday next week," he said, sounding as if he had a cold coming on. "Get a sitter for the kids and come into town. Let's do this thing right."

She was aware of the locust shrilling again. They didn't bother her at all now. It would be so easy. Next week Leonard would be away, but she could make it any time, any week. She could simply tell Leonard that she was going into the city shopping with Joyce Yates, and Joyce would be happy to back up the whole intrigue. It would be just too easy.

"Will you do it?" Sam asked. His hands were still gripping her shoulders.

There was a sudden outburst of more pounding footsteps on the stairs, descending footsteps this time. David stumbled and slid to a stop halfway down, his grimy little hands clutching the railing.

"That fuckin cat," he sputtered, sounding just like Leonard when he worked on the car. "That fuckin goddam cat." Kelley had never heard him use that word before.

"What's wrong, David?" For just a moment, for no good reason, his outrage touched her with a kind of terror.

"That fucking Matilda," the boy said, and he was crying now. "She's having her kittens in my closet. In my Erector Set box!" Kelley saw that it was the most outrageous affront he'd ever suffered.

"I'll be right there, David," she said.

She turned and walked with Sam to the door.

"The answer is no, Sam," she said, when his hand was on the knob. "You can see for yourself, right now, that I'm the domestic type after all. I'm a momma now. Ain't it a bitch?"

"Right now, right this minute, you're all mother," Sam said without smiling. "How domestic and maternal will you be feeling around this time next week?"

"That's a damn good question," she said, after a long silence. Sam knew her too well, even after all these years.

"Well, I'm in the Manhattan phone book," Sam said. "I'll be waiting and hoping for at least a message from my answering service. And you don't have to come into town. I'll come out here and meet you, any time, any place."

"I'll think about it," she said.

She was already thinking about it as she closed the door behind him and watched him go down the path and get into his Mercedes.

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THE SMASHER

Continued from page 82

about the dates stuck out too — they all fell on Fridays. I knew that piece of trivia because I always drew my pay on Friday afternoon and lost most of it on poker Friday night. The reports revealed one more similarity: in each case the victim had been driving a red sports car.

Coincidence?

I doubted it, but one thing I didn't doubt. Something more than a frustrated executive with a "weak self-image" was involved.

The more I read the more interested I became. An excitement I hadn't felt in over a year possessed me.

The Tribune's morgue was nearly deserted when I got there. I winked at old Mrs. Murtaugh as I walked back to the stacks and gathered up the papers I needed. Since the rash of fatalities had broken out six months ago, I started with the last Saturday in June and began to backtrack, examining each column of every paper closely.

Buried on page thirty-one of the May ninth edition I found what I was looking for. Under the lead, **BOY KILLED IN HIT-AND-RUN**, I read the account of a teenage mechanic who was struck by a passing car on the freeway near Delaney. The stranded motorist, whom the boy had been aiding, could only identify the hit-and-run vehicle as a red sports car. Beside the article was a picture of the bereaved father leaning against his son's battered pickup.

It all added up. The recent fatalities weren't the result of a new phenomenon, but one of the oldest — vengeance! With a satisfied smile I closed the paper. I had one stop to make, and then I was going home.

"I see you came back," Evelyn said smugly as I came through the front door.

"I thought over what you said — and you're right. Things *have* changed."

"I'm glad you see it my way," she said, lighting one of her Virginia Slims.

"Oh, and I finished the Christmas shopping. Think I found just the right present for you." I placed a small package in her hand.

Evelyn ripped the wrapping off, smiled, and bolted through the doorway with a "You shouldn't have."

"Believe me, dear," I called after her. "You deserve it."

Evelyn beamed as she thrust the key into the ignition of the bright red MG. **G**

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ROAD GANG

Continued from page 44

way." She rolled over on her belly, pulled her knees up under and pushed her ass into the air, giving him a pointblank picture of upside-down pussy and wide-open breach. "Come on, Pretty Boy. Knock the top of my head off."

"Looky there," said Old Guy. "Silly sombitch ain't even undressed. Bet he ain't even got a hard-on."

"Have too," said Blondie. "You go to hell, you old birdbrain."

"Let's see it," said Marcia, ass still up and waiting. "Let's see that hard-on. Let's see that blond weenie of yours."

Old Guy roared and fell backward, clutching his stomach.

Blackie had his up again and was behind her. He shoved in and, a little disappointed that it wasn't Blondie, Marcia accepted his big dick once more, answering him stroke for stroke.

"You a goddamn hog, boy," said Old Guy of Blackie. "You gonna wear that thing out 'fore I get my seconds."

"Next fuck goes to Pretty Boy," Marcia said. "Maybe he'd rather do it alone, where y'all can't watch." She couldn't see him, the way her face was in the grass, but she thought she could feel Blondie smile at what she'd said.

"Maybe what he's got's so small he can't find it," ribbed Old Guy.

"His sisters are his problem," said Blackie between grunts. "He's got four of them and before this, he thought women were something to hide from. He probably figures snatch has teeth."

"Ain't so," said Blondie. "Mine's bigger than yours, you old fart and I've been peeping at my sisters long enough to know what a snatch looks like."

Old Guy laughed again. "Put your pecker where your mouth is. Whup it out and prove it!"

She tried to look but felt Blackie's climactic surge. His hot pubic hair scraped the crack of her ass like steel wool and her thighs quaked with bursting orgasm. Boom! Boom! Boom! He shot off in her like a cannon and she bawled with a drunken mixture of pleasure and pain as he almost plowed her into the cottonwood.

"Well I'll be," said Old Guy. "How about that?"

Marcia closed her eyes and sprawled, flattened out like a floormat and trying to catch her breath as Blackie pulled away. God almighty, how much of this could a body take?

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and very very ravaged. "Mama home?" she said, trying to come back to the world of the ordinary.

"Nobody here but me and the chickens. Who've you been playing in the hay with? Remember, I'm sixteen now and I've been to the big city. I'll understand. Confide in me."

Marcia giggled. Susan often spoke in this way, like their mother. "I've just been gang-whanged and how."

Susan's eyes grew wide and her mouth opened.

Marcia nodded. "That's right. I took on four men and they fucked me till I couldn't see straight — or any other way. And the last one. Oh boy. I thought he couldn't. I thought he wouldn't. Then I thought I couldn't. But I wanted him more than any of the others and it turned out I could and he could and he did and I did and he fucked me till I just disappeared and a river took my place and —"

Susan cut in, envious. "I got fucked too, in Dallas. But nothing like that. It was my first time. Cousin Cassie and I seduced the postman." She shrugged. "No big deal. We just went to the door in our birthday suits when he came up with the mail. He nearly fell off the porch. He was okay but nothing to brag about. I like your story better. I'd like to try some of that more-the-merrier stuff."

"I think there's enough for both of us," Marcia said.

"Oh, hey, look," said Susan. She lifted her skirt and yanked down her panties. "I got a tattoo." Next to Susan's bush was the picture of a cherry split open by an arrow. "The tattoo artist was cute and he got all steamed up putting the tattoo on and I let him play with me but his wife came in and told him to quit."

Marcia whistled. "Sis, I think you're well on your way to catching up with me."

A week later Papa grumbled at the supper table about the county road crew taking such a long time patching that particular stretch of road that ran in front of the house. "Don't seem to be making no goddamn progress at all," he said and grabbed the beans.

"Well," said Marcia, and felt her pussy twitch, "there's probably a lot more to patching a stretch of road than meets the eye."

"That's for sure," said Susan, eyes twinkling. "I've watched those guys work and they do some things you never would've thought had anything to do with plugging up holes in a road." **G**

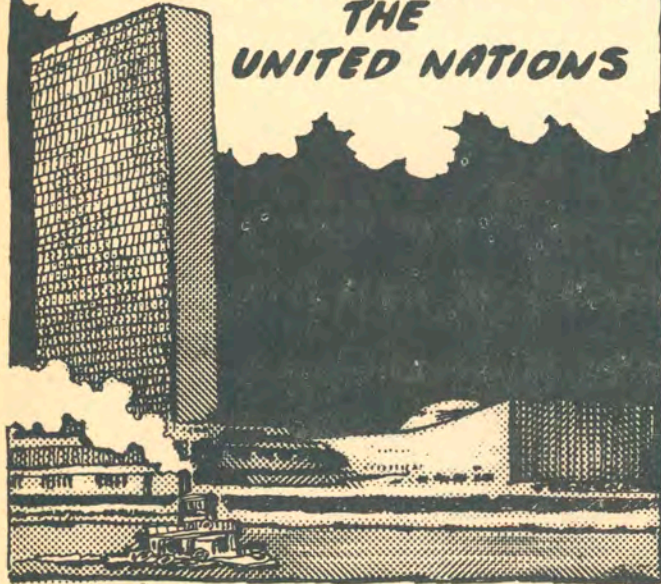
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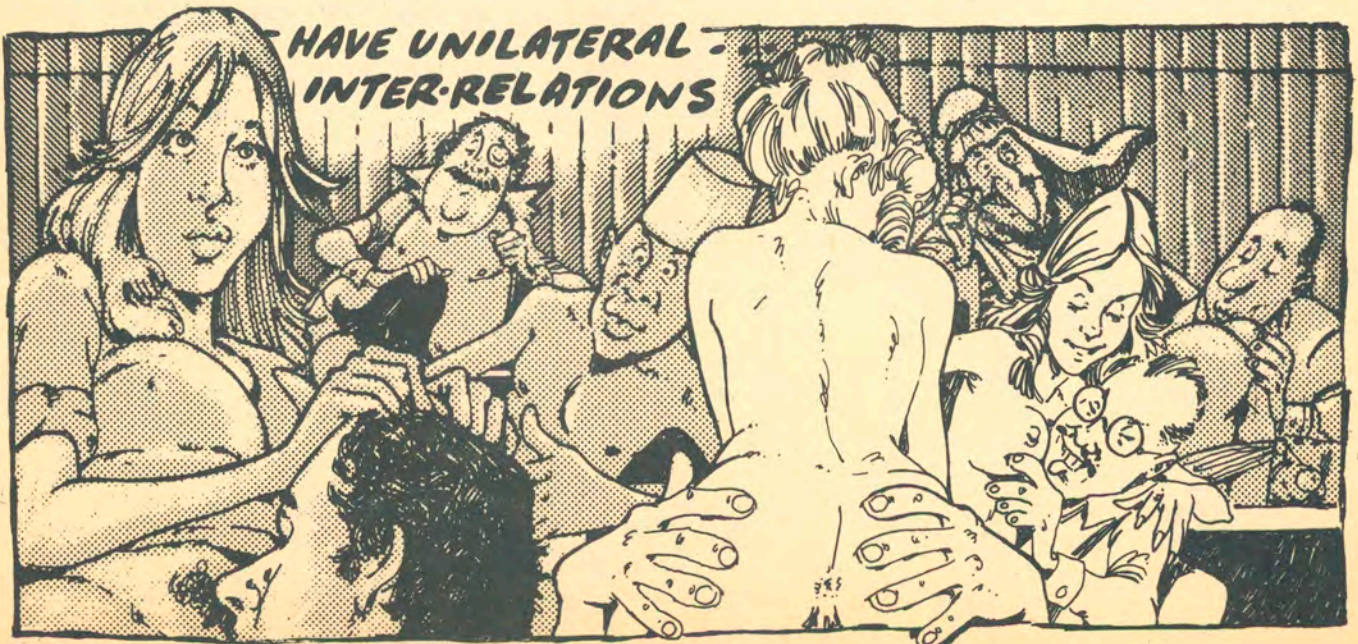
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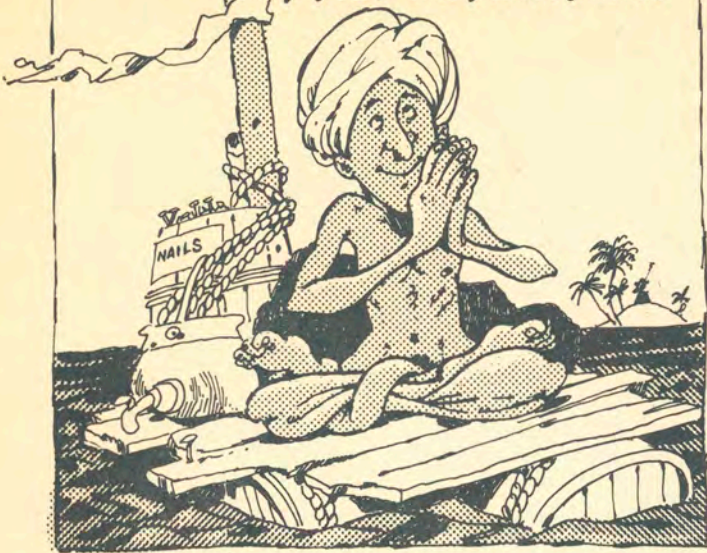
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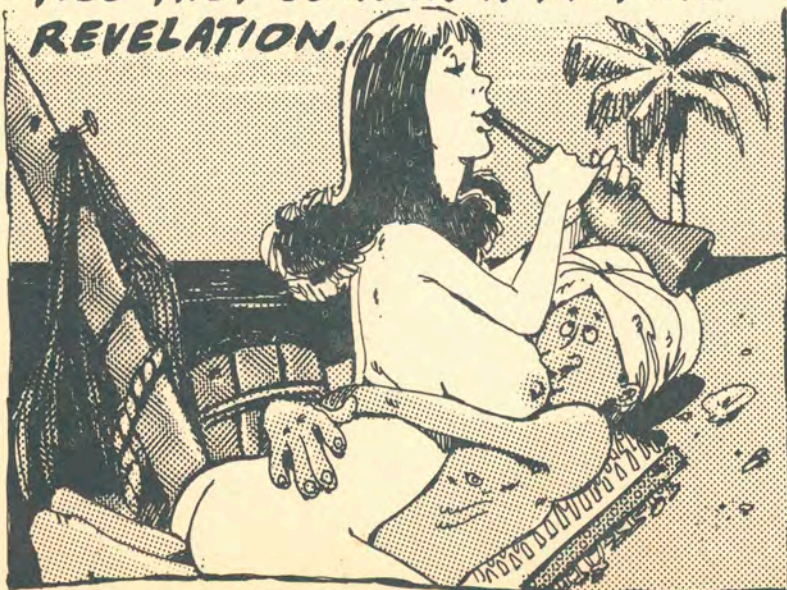
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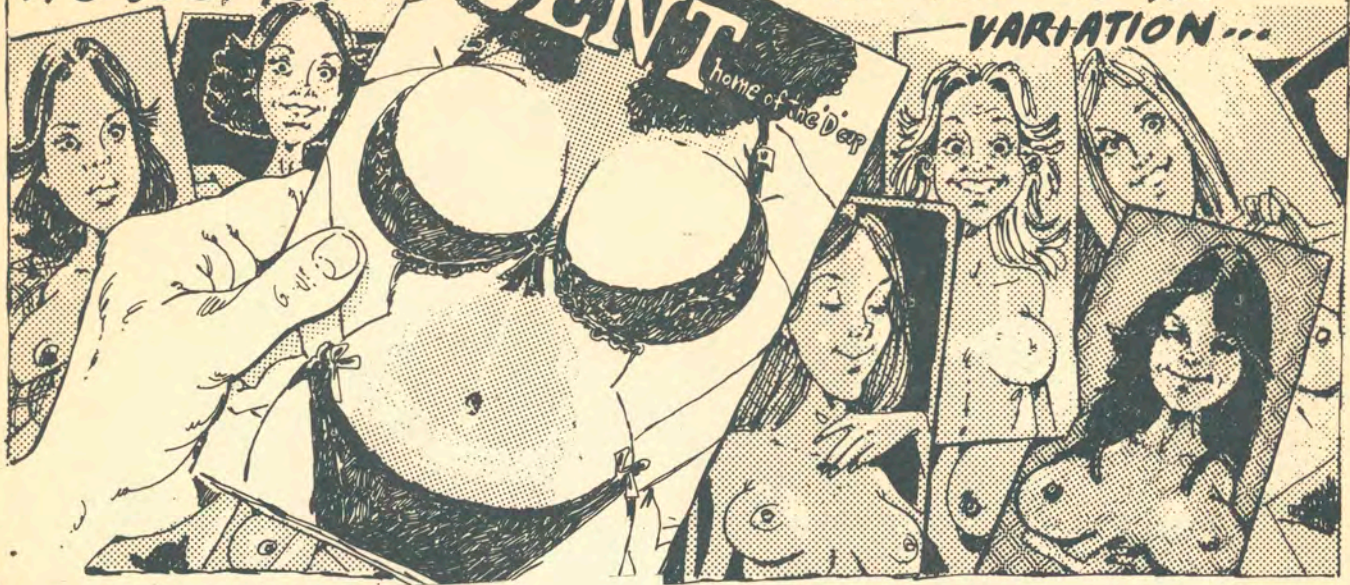
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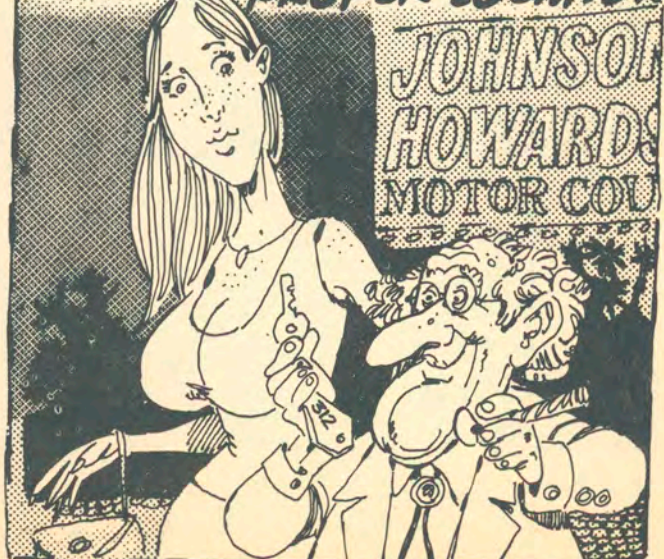
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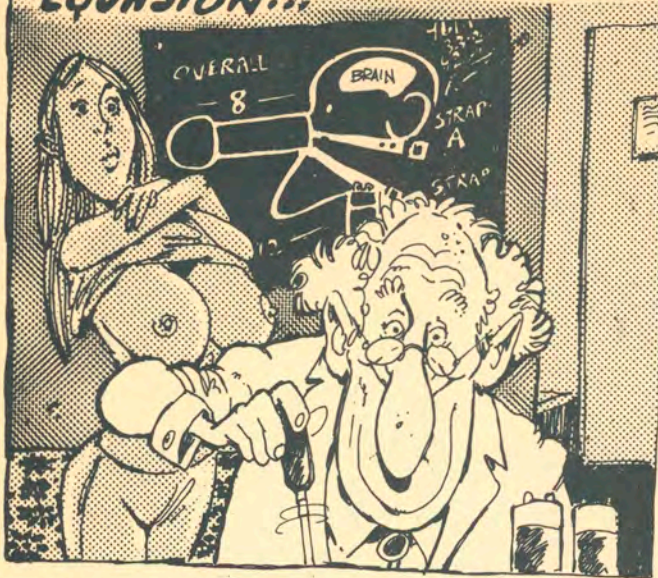
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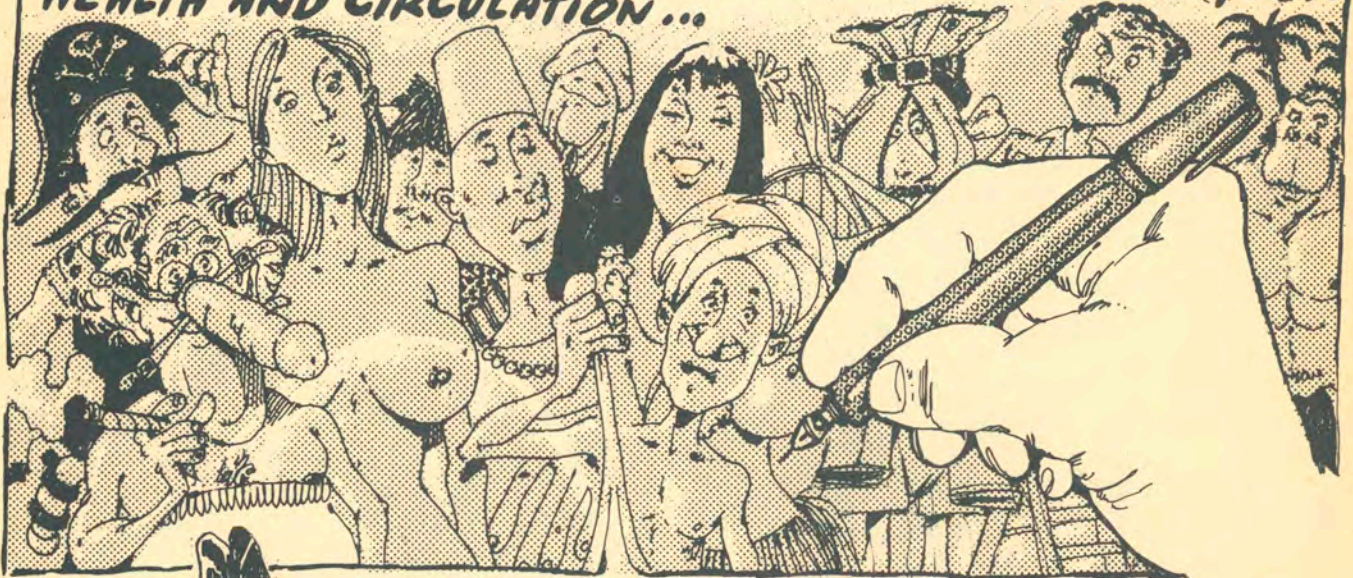
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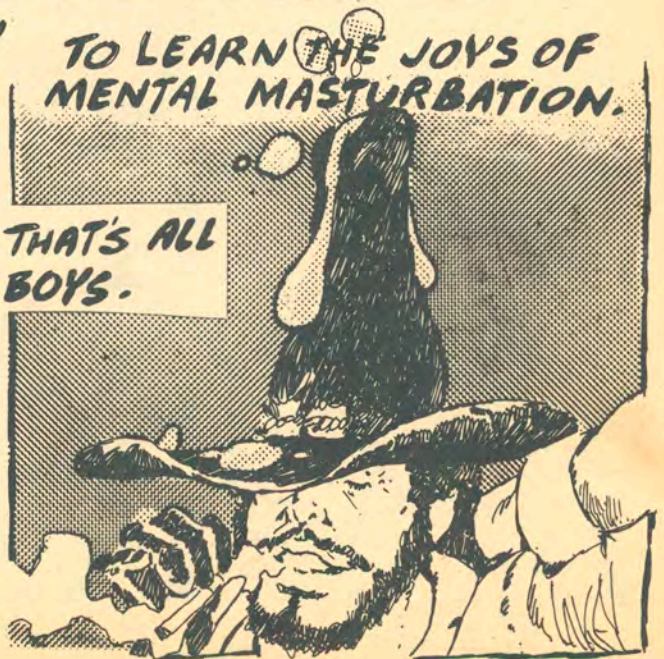


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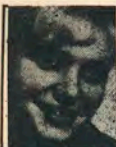


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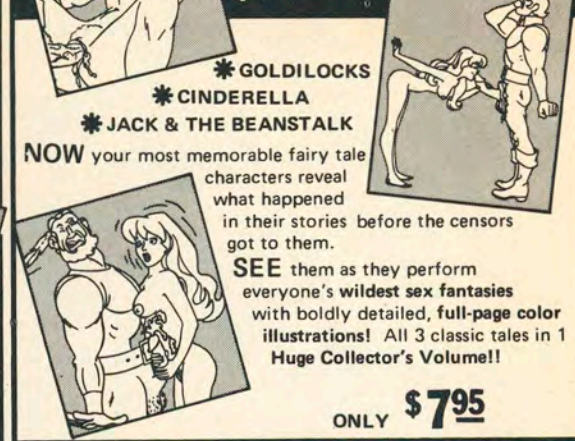
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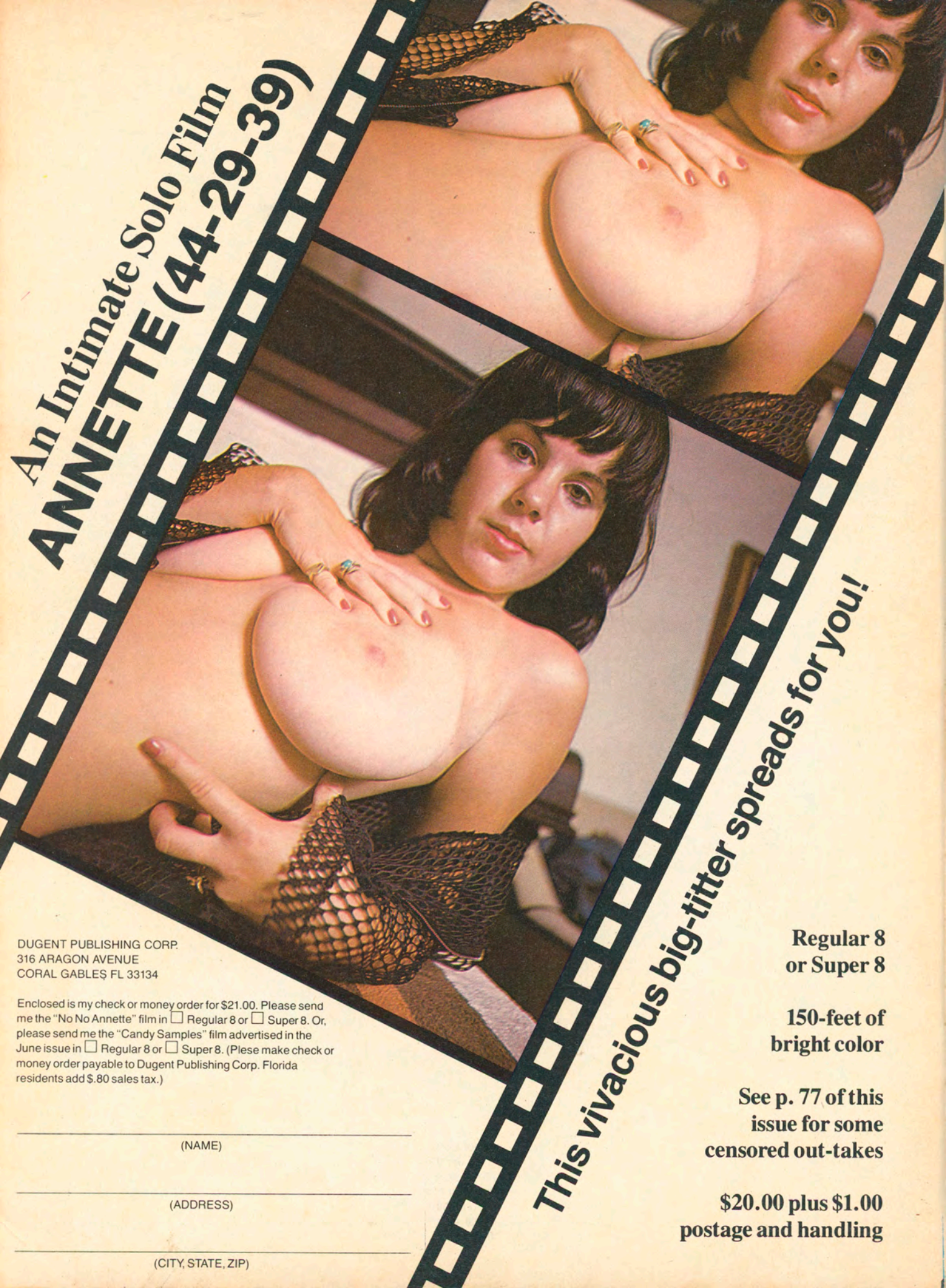
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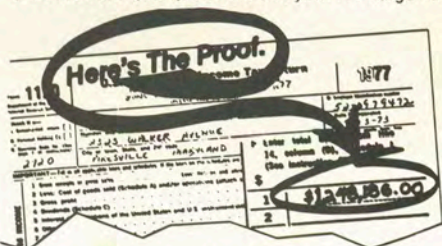
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But by distributing my method nationwide to thousands of small bettors—**WHO CAN MAKE THE SAME SELECTIONS, I'M GETTING RICH ON RIGHT NOW**—I can conceal our picks and every now and then lay heavily on those occasional high priced horses where **YOU AND I CAN BOTH MAKE A BIG SCORE.**

So in a sense, the favor you're doing me is as big as the favor I'm doing you!

And **THAT'S WHY** I'm prepared to offer the first absolute unconditional eternal guarantee in racing: that my system **MUST** make you a winner 83% of the time. And if at any time—6 weeks, months or years from now—it fails to do so, simply return "How To Rob Racetracks Legally" to me for a complete refund! I'll go further: **POST-DATE YOUR CHECK FOR 30 DAYS FROM NOW.** Use my "secret" for that period and if you don't like it—I trust you not to photocopy it)—just send it to me at The Baltimore Bulletin, Dept. G7 380 Madison New York, N.Y. 10017, for a complete refund.

The price? Only \$10. That's right! Only \$10 for a method that could make you **THOUSANDS.** No, I'm not crazy—I'm going to make more than you do. But I need your help to do it... And, in return I'm giving you a secret that could put you on Easy Street!

Because what we're going to do—you and I—is Rob Racetracks Legally!

Sincerely,

Mike Warren

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY.

Dear Mike, DEPT G7

Sign me up—please rush me my copy of "How to Rob Racetracks Legally". You have my word of honor I will not photocopy your system nor share it with any other person.

Enclosed is my check for \$10—postdated for 30 days from now. It is my understanding I may use the system for 30 days at no obligation, and that if at the end of that time, it fails to perform as promised, I need merely return the book for a prompt return of my check **UNCASHED.**

Bill my credit card. You agree not to deposit the charge until 30 days have elapsed. If I return your system within 30 days you agree to tear up the charge so I am billed nothing.

For immediate 1st class shipment, add \$1.00 (in coins or stamps please)

Visa/ BankAmericard Mastercharge

Card # _____ Expiration Date: _____

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For immediate shipment **call Toll Free 800-241-1322**

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For years, the touch of mink has captivated women like nothing else. We've captured that same luxurious feeling in these magnificent synthetic fur spreads. There isn't a woman alive who can resist their soft, silky caress.

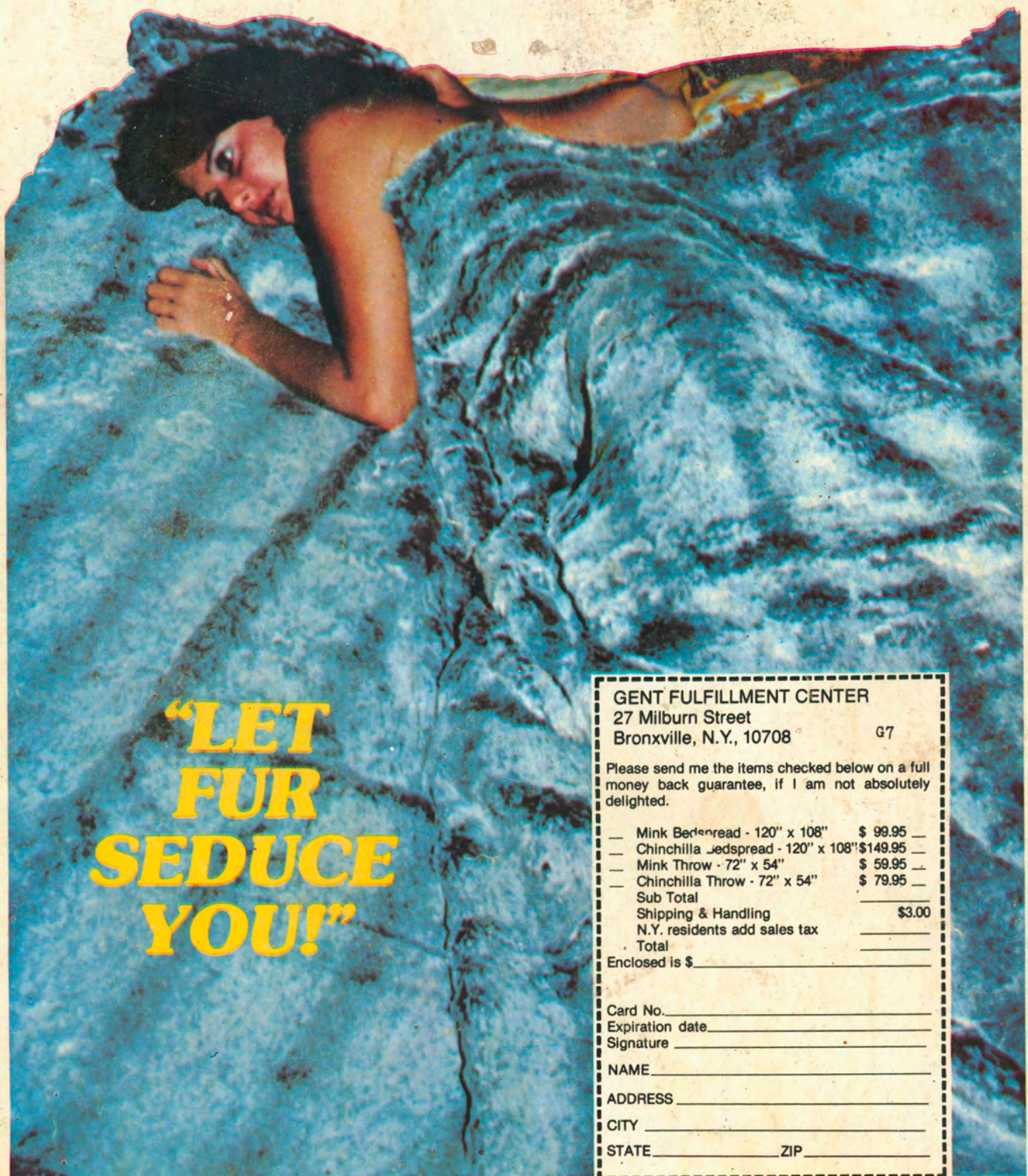
These beautiful synthetics will add an air of exotic excitement to any room. Put one on your sofa, and watch her head straight for it the minute that

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